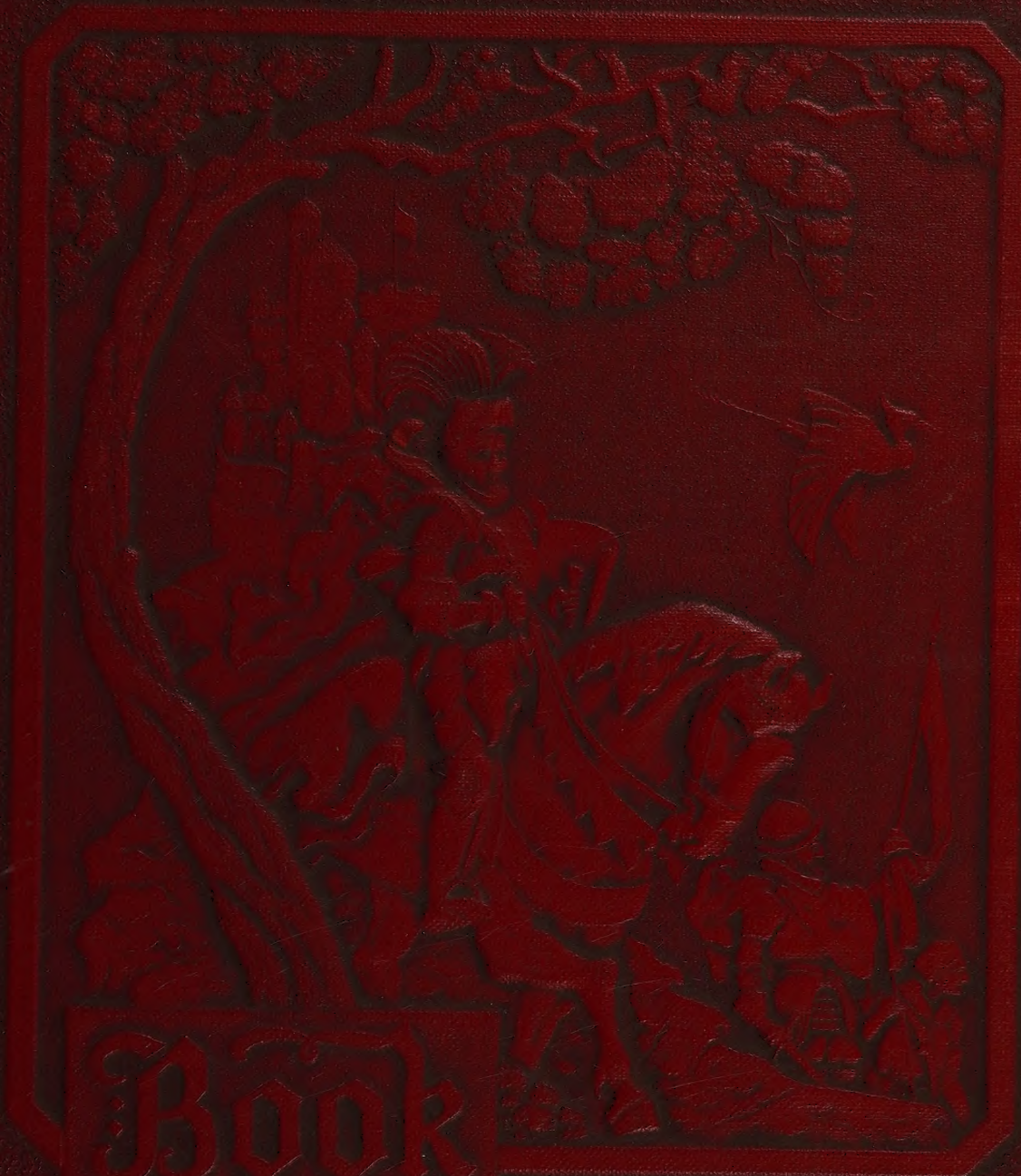
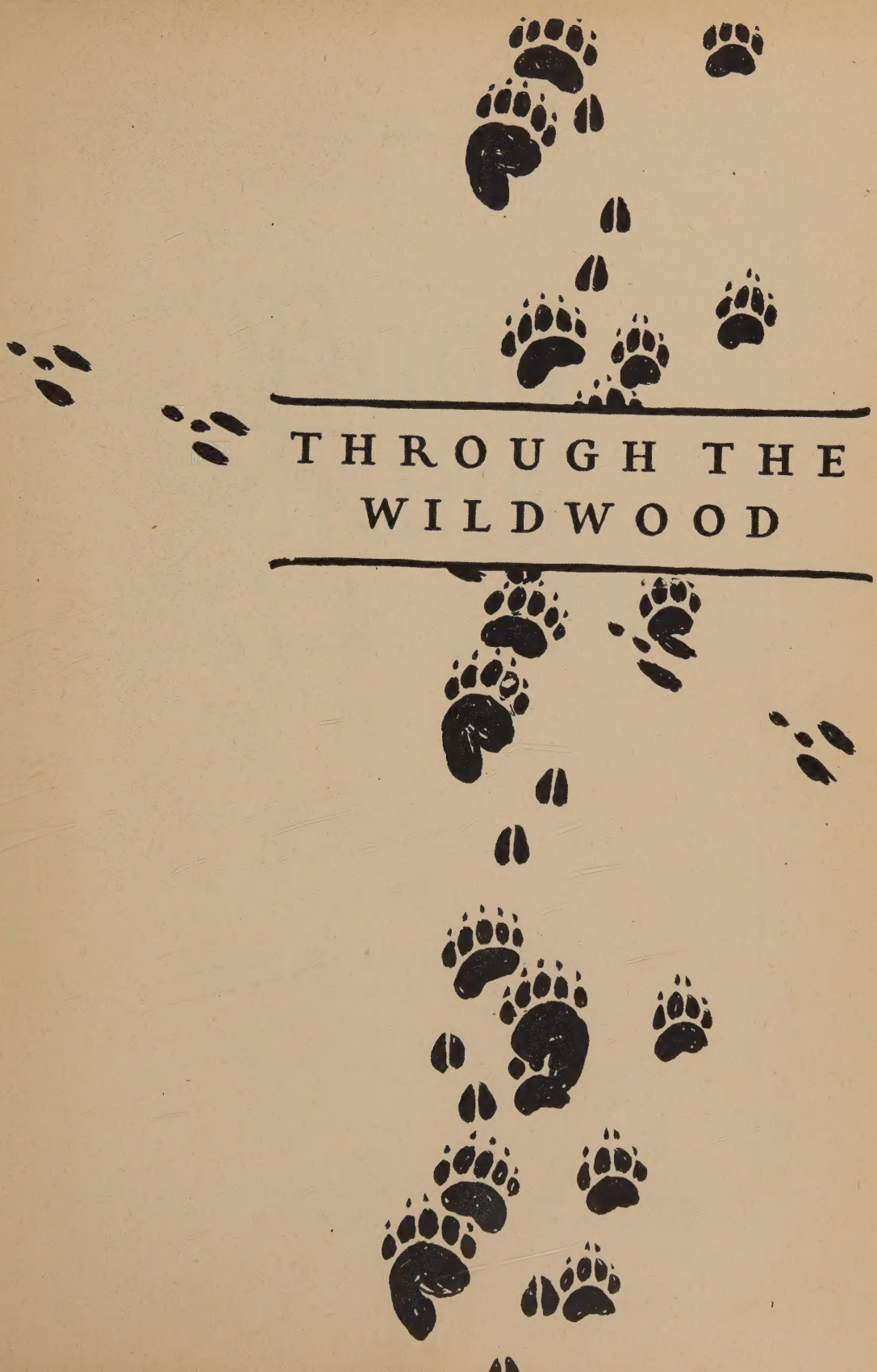


Book Trails

THROUGH THE WILDWOOD


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BOOK
TRAILS



THROUGH THE WILDWOOD

Book Trails

THROUGH THE WILDWOOD



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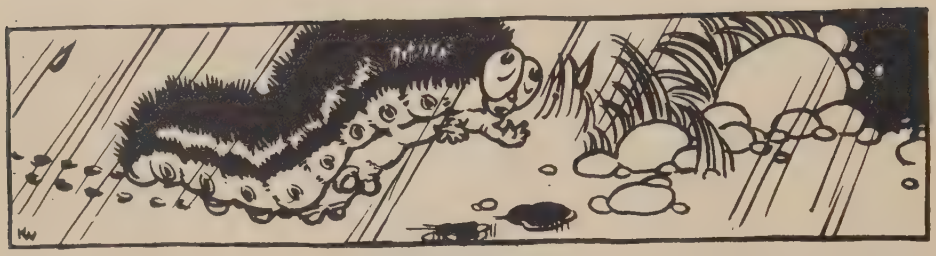
THE HOUSE AND THE ROAD

THE little Road says, Go,
And the little House says, Stay:
And O, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,
Would seek and turn and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show!

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Reprinted with permission from *The Collected Poems of Josephine Preston Peabody*, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.



THE STORY OF THE CATERPILLAR AND THE WILD ANIMALS

East African Folk Tale

ONE day a caterpillar was out for a stroll when the rain began falling. Now the caterpillar did not want to get his nice fur coat wet, so he slipped into a hare's house, as the owner was absent. In a few minutes the hare came back and noticed the marks on the ground. He cried out, "Who is in my house?"

The caterpillar answered in a loud voice, "I am the warrior-son of the long one, hero of the fight in the Kurtiale country. I crush the rhinoceros to the earth, and grind the elephant to dust under foot. I am unconquerable!"

The hare went away saying, "What can a small animal like myself do with a person who tramples an elephant to dust under foot, I'd like to know?"

On the road he met the leopard, whom he begged to go and talk with the person in his house. The leopard, on reaching the spot, grunted out, "Who is in the house of my friend the hare?" The caterpillar replied in the same manner as he had done to the hare. Frightened, the leopard said, "If he crushes the elephant and the rhinoceros, he will do the same to me."

They went away again, and the hare asked help of the rhinoceros. He, on reaching the hare's house, asked who was inside; but when he heard the caterpillar's reply, he said, "What, he can crush me to the earth! I had better go away, then."

The hare next tried the elephant, and asked him to come to his assistance. The elephant came, but on hearing what the caterpillar had to say, he remarked that he had no wish to be trampled under foot like dust, and departed.

A frog was passing at the time, and the hare asked him if he could make the man who had conquered all the animals leave his house. The frog went to the door and asked who was inside. He received the same reply as had been given to the others. Instead of

leaving, he went nearer and shouted, "I, who am strong and a leaper, have come. My muscles are as hard as great trees and I am as ugly as I am strong."

When the caterpillar heard this, he trembled, and as he saw the frog coming nearer he called out, "Oh, please do not harm me. I am only the caterpillar."

The animals, who had gathered round to see what great animal the frog would bring out of the hare's house, soon dragged the caterpillar out. Then they all laughed at the trouble he had given, but let him go home unharmed just because he had made them laugh.





THE DISCONTENTED PINE TREE

John Stillwell

DEEP in a great green forest, where the birds sing through the summer time and the winds moan over the empty nests all winter long, grew a Little Pine Tree. The soft green moss laid a carpet at her foot, where the rabbits played and the little chipmunks came too for a game of tag at eventide.

But the Little Pine Tree was not happy. All the other trees in the forest wore cloaks of rustling green leaves. How she longed to be dressed as they were. One day she sighed, "Ah, all the other trees are so beautiful! I wish that I, too, wore leaves instead of my needles of green. If I could choose, I should be covered with golden leaves."

The Little Pine Tree slept. And, behold, when she awoke her needles were gone and in their stead a mass of golden leaves covered her. "Ah!" cried the Little Pine Tree, "now I am beautiful, indeed. There is no tree in the forest as lovely as I!"

Just as she was enjoying her shining leaves, two men came walking through the forest. When they saw the pine tree, they cried, "Look! Look at the golden leaves! We must gather them and take them home that we may be rich forever."

"No, no," shivered the Little Pine Tree, "those are my leaves. You must not take them." But the men did not hear. They stripped her bare and left her shivering in the cold.

"Truly," sighed the Little Pine Tree, "I would rather

have needles than golden leaves. But if I could wish again, I should choose leaves of clear, sparkling glass, and then men would not rob me." And once more the Little Pine Tree slept.

When she awoke her branches were covered with sparkling leaves of glass.

"Ah, now I am the most beautiful tree in the forest," murmured the Little Pine Tree. "See, when the sun shines on me how glorious I am!" But soon the sun hid its face; the storm cloud came and the rain fell, slowly at first, then faster and faster, and heavier and heavier. As the great drops hit the delicate glass leaves they fell in splinters at the foot of the Little Pine Tree. And once again she stood bare among the other trees.

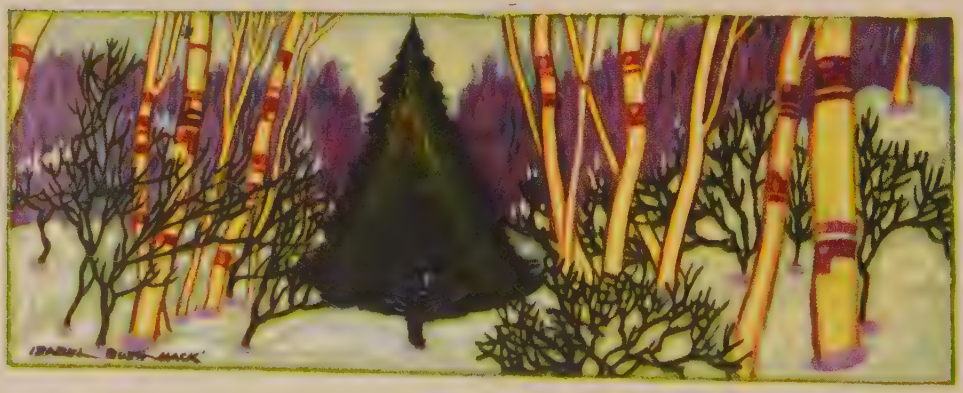
"Ah me," sighed the Little Pine Tree, "I have been too ambitious and have asked for more than the other trees in this forest are given. Had I but green leaves like theirs, I should indeed be content." And a third time the Little Pine Tree slept.

When she awoke there was a mantle of soft green foliage about her, and she breathed contentedly as she shook out her leaves and rejoiced in her new covering.

Just then there came through the forest an old mother goat and her children. "See," said the goat to her kids, "there is a nice little tree, so small that we can reach almost to the top, and her leaves will make us a good dinner." And, one by one, the Little Pine Tree's leaves were lost again.

As she stood bruised and sore that night she sighed, "Had I but my needles again, I would ask no more." And when morning came her needles once more covered her branches.

All summer long the Little Pine Tree grew tall and straight in the sunshine, and when winter came the leaves on the trees about her withered and fell to the ground. But the Pine Tree's mantle of green remained, and she alone of all the great forest stood clothed.





HOW THE ESKIMOS CAME

An Eskimo Legend

FAR up in the Northland where the Polar Bear chats with the Walrus and the sun shines all day and most of the night in summer, there were no people at all until a Man and a Woman came down from the sky. They settled on an island in the Arctic Sea. They lived on the island a long time and made friends

with the Bear and the Walrus. But they never had any children of their own, so after a time they grew lonely.

"I like the Bear and the Walrus. I like the birds, too," said the Woman, "but better would I like more companions of our own kind."

So the Man went to the Walrus and begged for a bit of his ivory tusk. This the Man carved into a dozen little figures that he laid out in the summer sunlight to warm. Then he went to his friend the Bear and asked him to bring a bit of wood from the Southland. This the Bear did. The Man took the wood and carved a dozen little images from it and laid them in the warm sun. The next day both the ivory and the wooden images were alive. The ivory had turned to Men, brave and hardy. The wood had changed into Women, soft and timid. And from these have descended all the Eskimo Men and Women of today.





THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN LITTLE KIDS

Grimm

ONCE upon a time a mother goat lived in a cozy little house with her seven little kids. Every day she went out to get food for them, and every day she told them to stay indoors because a great, ugly wolf was near who liked to eat little goats.

And every morning the little kids would say, "Yes, mother, we will do what you say. Don't worry about us." One morning when the mother goat was in the woods getting tender shoots and green buds for her family to eat, there came a knock, knock at the door.

"Open the door, children. Your mother is here with food."

But the voice was deep and gruff and the little kids knew it was not their mother, so they said, "You aren't our mother and we won't open the door. You have a gruff voice and we know you are the wolf!"

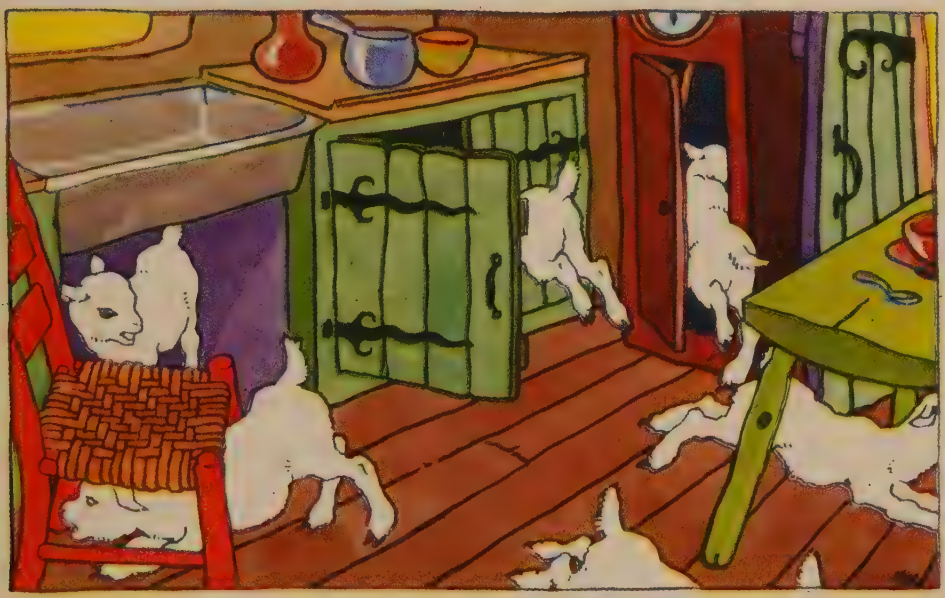


So the wolf ran off to a shop and bought some chalk which he ate to make his voice soft and gentle. Then he came back and said, "Open the door, my dear children. It is your mother with something to eat."

But the wolf put his black paws on the window sill, so the kids said, "No, we won't open the door. You are not our mother. She hasn't black feet. You are the wolf!"

So the wolf ran off to a baker. "Put some dough and flour on my feet, Mr. Baker Man," he said. "I hurt both my front paws this morning." So the baker put some dough on the wolf's forepaws and sprinkled them with flour. Then back the wolf went to the cottage.

He rapped on the door. "Open the door, children," he said. "Here is your mother with something for all of you to eat, so open the door at once."



"Let us see your feet," said the little kids. The wolf put his white forepaws on the window sill. So the kids opened the door and in ran the wolf.

The little kids were so frightened! They ran every which way trying to hide from the wolf. One ran under the kitchen table, the second climbed into bed, the third got into the oven, the fourth under the kitchen sink, the fifth into the cupboard, the sixth under a chair. The seventh couldn't find any place to hide at first but then he opened the little door of the big clock and hid inside, far back in a dark corner.

The wolf found them all and gobbled them up. Only the youngest one who hid in the clock, he did not find. Then the wolf went out into a meadow and lay down under a tree and went fast asleep.

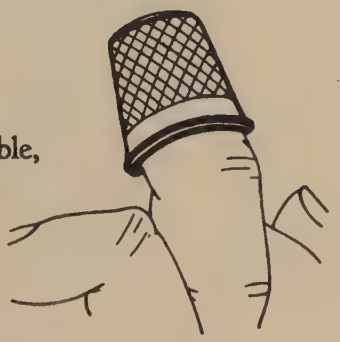
When the mother goat came home, what a sight the house was! Chairs and tables overturned, the bed in disorder, and china broken. She called her children one after the other but no one answered. Finally she called the youngest. A wee voice answered from the big clock, "Here I am, dear mother." The goat took the kid out and heard how the wolf had come and eaten all the other children. The poor mother goat wept, but presently she and the little kid went outdoors and down into the meadow. There they saw the old wolf asleep and, as they watched him, they saw something move inside him.

"Are my children alive?" cried the mother goat. And quickly she ran back for a pair of scissors and a needle and thread. Quietly she cut open the wolf and out popped one little kid, then the next, and the next until all six were dancing around on the ground. The wolf had been so greedy that he had swallowed them

whole. How happy they were! But there was no time to lose.

"Go and fetch some large stones," said the mother goat, "and we will put them in the wolf's stomach." So each little goat got a large stone and the mother goat put the seven stones where the little kids had been and sewed them up. Then the goat and her children all ran away and hid. Soon the wolf woke up, and he was very thirsty. He found a well and leaned over to drink, but the stones made him top-heavy and in he tumbled. So the wicked wolf was drowned. The seven little kids and the mother danced joyfully around the well, and they lived happily ever after in their little cottage on the edge of the wood.

THE THIMBLE



LITTLE finger, slim and nimble,
Here I am, your friendly thimble,
(Germans call me "finger-hat";
Jolly little name is that).
Put me on, and you will see
What a helper I can be.

LAURA E. RICHARDS



AUTUMN

OH, colored leaves are on the ground,
Pink, yellow, red,
And I'll sit down and make a crown
To put upon my head,

And then go running down the street
And sing a loud song,
And feel the pounding of my feet
And pull the wind along.

DOROTHY ALDIS

By permission of the author.



THE BLACKBERRY BUSH



CELIA THAXTER

A LITTLE boy sat at his mother's knees, by the long western window, looking out into the garden. It was autumn, and the wind was sad; and the golden elm leaves lay scattered about among the grass and on the gravel path. The mother was knitting a little stocking; her fingers moved the bright needles, but her eyes were fixed on the clear evening sky.

As the darkness gathered, the wee boy laid his head on her lap, and kept so still that at last she leaned forward to look into his dear round face. He was not asleep, but was watching very earnestly a blackberry bush that waved its one tall dark red spray in the wind outside the fence.

"What are you thinking about, my darling?" she said, smoothing his soft, honey-colored hair.

"The blackberry bush, mamma; what does it say? It keeps nodding, nodding to me behind the fence; what does it say, mamma?"

From *Stories and Poems for Children.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

"It says," she answered, cuddling him closer to her: "'I see a happy little boy in the warm, fire-lighted room. The wind blows cold, and here it is dark and lonely; but that little boy is warm and happy and safe at his mother's knees. I nod to him, and he looks at me. I wonder if he knows how happy he is!

"'See, all my leaves are dark crimson. Every day they dry and wither more and more; by and by they will be so weak they can scarcely cling to my branches, and the north wind will tear them all away, and nobody will remember them any more. Then the snow will sink down and wrap me close. Then the snow will melt again, and icy rain will clothe me, and the bitter wind will rattle my bare twigs up and down.



"'I nod my head to all who pass; and dreary nights and dreary days go by. In the happy house, so warm and bright, the little boy plays all day. His mother and father cherish him; he nestles on



their knees in the red firelight at night, while they read to him lovely stories, or sing sweet old songs to him—the happy little boy! And outside I peep over the snow and see a stream of ruddy light from a crack in the window shutter, and I nod out here alone in the dark, thinking how beautiful it is.

"'And here I wait patiently. I take the snow and

the rain and the cold, and I am not sorry, but glad; for in my roots I feel warmth and life, and I know that a store of greenness and beauty is shut up safe in my small brown buds. Day and night go again and again; little by little the snow melts all away; the ground grows soft; the sky is blue; the little birds fly over, crying, "It is spring! It is spring!" Ah! then, through all my twigs I feel the slow sap stirring.

"'Warmer grow the sunbeams, and softer the air. The small blades of grass creep thick about my feet; the sweet rain helps swell my shining buds. More and more I push forth my leaves, till out I burst in a gay green dress, and nod in joy and pride. The little boy comes running to look at me, and cries, "Oh, mamma! the little blackberry bush is alive, and beautiful and green. Oh, come and see!" And I hear; and I bow my head in the summer wind; and every day they watch me grow more beautiful, till at last I shake out blossoms, fair and fragrant.

"'A few days more, and I drop the white petals down among the grass, and, lo! the green tiny berries. Carefully I hold them up to the sun; carefully I gather

the dew in the summer nights; slowly they ripen; they grow larger and redder and darker, and at last they are black, shining, delicious. I hold them as high as I can for the little boy who comes dancing out. He shouts with joy, and gathers them in his dear hand; and he runs to share them with his mother, saying, "Here is what the patient blackberry bush bore for us: see how nice, mamma!"

"'Ah! then indeed I am glad, and would say, if I could, "Yes, take them, dear little boy. I kept them for you, held them long up to sun and rain to make them sweet and ripe for you"; and I nod and nod in full content, for my work is done. From the window he watches me, and thinks, "There is the little blackberry bush that was so kind to me. I see it and I love it. I know it is safe out there nodding all alone; and next summer it will hold ripe berries up for me to gather again."'"

Then the wee boy smiled, and liked the little story. His mother took him up in her arms, and they went out to supper, and left the blackberry bush nodding up and down in the wind; and there it is nodding yet.



MOON SONG

ZOON, zoon, cuddle and croon—
Over the crinkling sea,
The moon man flings him a silvered net
Fashioned of moonbeams three.

And some folk say when the net lies long
And the midnight hour is ripe·
The moon man fishes for some old song
That fell from a sailor's pipe.

And some folk say that he fishes the bars
Down where the dead ships lie,
Looking for lost little baby stars
That slid from the slippery sky.

And the waves roll out and the waves roll in
And the nodding night wind blows,
But why the moon man fishes the sea
Only the moon man knows.

Zoon, zoon, net of the moon
Rides on the wrinkling sea;
Bright is the fret and shining wet,
Fashioned of moonbeams three.

And some folk say when the great net gleams
And the waves are dusky blue,
The moon man fishes for two little dreams
He lost when the world was new.

By permission of the author.

And some folk say in the late night hours
While the long fin-shadows slide,
The moon man fishes for cold sea flowers
Under the tumbling tide.

And the waves roll out and the waves roll in
And the gray gulls dip and doze,
But why the moon man fishes the sea
Only the moon man knows.

Zoon, zoon, cuddle and croon—
Over the crinkling sea,
The moon man flings him a silvered net
Fashioned of moonbeams three.

And some folk say that he follows the flecks
Down where the last light flows,
Fishing for two round gold-rimmed "specs"
That blew from his button-like nose.

And some folk say while the salt sea foams
And the silver net lines snare,
The moon man fishes for carven combs
That float from the mermaids' hair.

And the waves roll out and the waves roll in
And the nodding night wind blows,
But why the moon man fishes the sea
Only the moon man knows.

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN





HOW BOZO THE BUTTON BUSTER BUSTED ALL HIS BUTTONS

CARL SANDBURG

ONE summer evening the stars in the summer sky seemed to be moving with fishes, cats, and rabbits.

It was that summer evening three girls came to the shanty of Hatrack the Horse. He asked each one, "What is your name?" And they answered, first, "Me? My name is Deep Red Roses"; second, "Me? My name is the Beans Are Burning"; and, last of all, "Me? My name is Sweeter Than the Bees Humming."

And the old man fastened a yellow rose for luck in the hair of each one and said, "You ought to be home now."

"After you tell us a story," they reminded him.

From *Rootabaga Pigeons*, by Carl Sandburg. Copyright 1923, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., New York.

"I can only tell you a sad story all mixed up tonight," he reminded them, "because all day today I have been thinking about Bozo the Button Buster."

"Tell us about Bozo the Button Buster," said the girls, feeling in their hair and fixing the yellow roses.

The old man sat down on the front steps. His eyes swept away off toward a corner of the sky, heavy with mist, where it seemed to be moving with firetails, fishes, cats, and rabbits of slow-changing stars.

"Bozo had buttons all over him," said the old man. "The buttons on Bozo fitted so tight, and there were so many buttons, that sometimes when he took his lungs full of new wind to go on talking, a button would bust loose and fly into the face of whoever he was speaking to. Sometimes when he took new wind into his lungs two buttons would bust loose and fly into the faces of two people he was speaking to.

"So people said, 'Isn't it queer how buttons fly loose when Bozo fills his lungs with wind to go on speaking?' After awhile everybody called him Bozo the Button Buster.

"Now, you must understand, Bozo was different from



other people. He had a string tied to him. It was a long string hanging down with a knot in the end. He used to say, 'Sometimes I forget where I am; then I feel for the string tied to me, and I follow the string to where it is tied to me; then I know where I am again.'

"Sometimes when Bozo was speaking and a button busted loose, he would ask, 'Was that a mouse? Was that a mouse?' And sometimes he said to people, 'I'll talk with you—*if you haven't got a mouse in your pocket.*'

"The last day Bozo ever came to the Village of Cream Puffs, he stood on the public square and he was all covered with buttons, more buttons than ever before, and all the buttons fitting tight, and five, six buttons busting loose and flying into the air whenever he took his lungs full of wind to go on speaking.

" 'When the sky began to fall, who was it ran out and held up the sky?' he sang out. 'It was me, it was me held up the sky when the sky began to fall.'



"'When the blue came off the sky, where did they get the blue to put on the sky to make it blue again? It was me, it was me picked the bluebirds and the blue pigeons to get the blue to fix the sky.'

"'When it rains now it rains umbrellas first so everybody has an umbrella for the rain afterward. Who fixed that? I did—I did—Bozo the Button Buster.'

"'Who took the rainbow off the sky and put it back again in a hurry? That was me.'

"'Who turned all the barns upside down and then put them right side up again? I did that.'

"'Who took the salt out of the sea and put it back again? Who took the fishes out of the sea and put them back again? That was me.'

"'Who started the catfish fighting the cats? Who made the slippery elms slippery? Who made the King of the Broken Bottles a wanderer wandering over the world mumbling, "Easy, easy"? Who opened the windows of the stars and threw fishes, cats, and rabbits all over the frames of the sky? I did, I did, I did.'

"All the time Bozo kept on speaking the buttons kept on busting because he had to stop so often to fill his lungs with new wind to go on speaking. The public square was filled with piles of buttons that kept busting off from Bozo the Button Buster that day.

"And at last a mouse came, a sneaking, slippery, quick little mouse. He ran with a flash to the string tied to Bozo, the long string hanging down with a knot in the end. He bit the knot and cut it loose. He slit

the string with his teeth as Bozo cried, 'Ai! Ai! Ai!'

"The last of all the buttons busted loose off Bozo. The clothes fell off. The people came up to see what was happening to Bozo. There was nothing in the clothes. The man inside the clothes was gone. All that was left was buttons and a few clothes.

"Since then whenever it rains umbrellas first so everybody has an umbrella for the rain afterward, or if the sky looks like it is falling, or if a barn turns upside down, or if the King of the Broken Bottles comes along mumbling, 'Easy, easy,' or if firetails, fishes, cats, and rabbits come on the sky in the night, or if a button busts loose and flies into somebody's face, people remember Bozo the Button Buster."

When the three girls started home, each one said to Hatrack the Horse, "It looks dark and lonesome on the prairie, but you put a yellow rose in my hair for luck—and I won't be scared after I get home."





THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are, you are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

KEITH WARD

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose, his nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose!

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon, the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon!

EDWARD LEAR





THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE TRAILING ARBUTUS



C. E. Belknap

MANY, many moons ago, near the south shore of Lake Superior, there lived an old man alone in his lodge, near a frozen stream in the forest. His hair and beard were long and white with age. He wore fine furs, for it was winter—snow and ice everywhere. The winds went wild through the forests, searching every bush and tree for birds to chill, chasing evil spirits over hill and vale; and the old man went about searching in the deep snow for pieces of wood to keep up his fire. But he could find no fuel. In despair he went back to his lodge and, sitting down by the last few dying coals, he cried to Mannaboosho to save him from freezing.

And the winds blew aside the door of the lodge, and there came in a most beautiful maiden. Her cheeks were red like wild roses, and her eyes were large and glowed like the eyes of fawns at night. Her hair, long and black as the raven's, touched the ground as she



walked. Her hands were covered with willow buds and on her head was a wreath of wild flowers. Her clothing was made of sweet grasses and ferns, her moccasins were white lilies, and when she breathed the air of the lodge it became warm.

The old man said: "My daughter, I am glad to see

you. My lodge is cold and cheerless but it will shield you from the storm of the night. Tell me who you are, that you dare to come to my lodge in such strange clothing? Come, sit here and tell me of your country, and I will tell you of my exploits, for I am Manito."

He then filled two pipes with tobacco, that they might smoke the peace pipe while they talked; and when the smoke had warmed the old man's tongue he said, "I am Manito. I blow my breath, and the waters of the river stand still."

The maiden said, "I breathe, and flowers spring up on all the plains."

The old man said, "I shake my locks, and snow covers all the ground."

"I shake my curls," said the maiden, "and warm rains fall from the clouds."

The old man said: "When I walk about, the leaves fall from the trees. At my command the animals hide in their holes in the ground, and the birds rise from the water and fly away."

"When I walk about," said the maiden, "the plants lift up their heads, the trees cover their nakedness with

many leaves, the birds come back, and all who see me sing. Music is everywhere."

Thus they talked, and the air became warm in the lodge. The old man's head dropped upon his breast and he slept. Then the sun came back, and a bluebird came to the top of the lodge and called, "Say-ee, say-ee, I am thirsty." And the river called back, "I am free; come and drink."

And as the old man slept, the maiden passed her hands above his head, and he began to grow smaller and smaller. Streams of water ran out of his mouth, and soon he was a tiny mass upon the ground, and his clothing turned to green leaves. Then the maiden, kneeling upon the ground, took from her bosom precious white flowers and hid them all about under the leaves. Next, she breathed upon them and said: "I give thee all my virtues and my sweetest breath. All who would pick thee shall do so upon bended knee."

Then, as the maiden moved away through the woods and over the plains, all the birds sang to her, and wherever she stepped, and nowhere else, grows the arbutus, marking her path in tiny pink blossoms.



NATURE'S CHILDREN

WHEN flowers are little—
What do you suppose!
They eat simply nothing but dirt,
And old Mother Earth
Piles the bedding so thick,
You'd certainly think it would hurt.

And when they are grown
She dresses them up
In the finest of beautiful clothes,
But most of them cannot
Be buttoned on tight,
For they fall off, as everyone knows.

At breakfast they eat
A portion of dew,
And for lunch they have daylight and air;
They cry all the while
For a dinner of Sun,
But old Mother Earth doesn't care.

NAN TERRELL REED

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THE FOX AND THE TOUCAN

ELSIE SPICER EELLS

ONCE upon a time the fox invited the toucan to dine at his house. There was mandioca porridge for dinner, and the fox spread it out upon the top of a big, flat rock.

From *The Brazilian Fairy Book*, by Elsie Spicer Eells. Copyright 1926, by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"Help yourself, Friend Toucan," said the fox hospitably. "You see I have spared no expense in providing an abundance."

The toucan's enormous beak was very awkward. He scraped it back and forth in an effort to get a taste of the food.

"How am I going to get it?" he asked mournfully.

"That is your affair!" chuckled the fox, as he went on eating his own dinner. "You are making a great mistake not to try this delicious porridge."

Now the toucan was exceedingly hungry and the porridge had a most tantalizing odor. However, try as he would, he could not manage to get a single mouthful. In spite of all his efforts he succeeded only in soiling his beak.

At last the toucan gave up and went home. He was very angry at the fox.

After many days the toucan met the fox in the forest. With a cordial smile he said, "How do you do, Friend Fox?"

"Thank you, I am very well," replied the fox, pleased at the unexpectedly polite greeting.

"You placed me under enormous obligations to you, Friend Fox, when you gave that fine dinner party in my honor," continued the toucan, just as polite as can be. "Now I want to repay the attention. Pray accept my invitation to dine at my house tomorrow."

"Thank you," answered the fox, somewhat surprised at all this. "I assure you I shall be most happy to accept your hospitality."

Then the toucan went on his way to the river to fish, a sly little twinkle in his eye.

The next day he prepared a great quantity of mandioca porridge for dinner. He was really a very good cook and it was absolutely perfect. Then he placed it in a narrow-necked jar.

As the fox came down the path the delicate odor of the porridge ascended to his nostrils.

"I never dreamed the toucan would invite me to dinner!" laughed he gleefully. "Everybody knows what an exceptionally good cook he is. I'll have a feast!"

"Dinner is served," announced the toucan as soon as the fox had arrived.

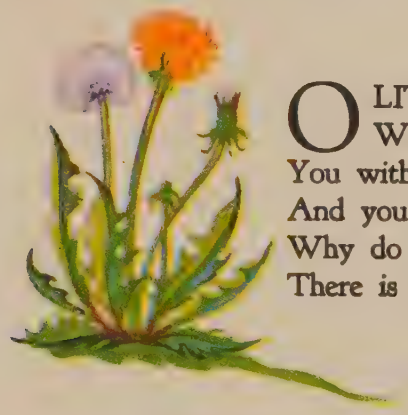
Now the toucan served the mandioca porridge in a

narrow-necked jar. He ate with deep enjoyment, but the fox could not reach a single mouthful.

"Why don't you eat?" questioned his host. "I have seasoned this porridge just as I know you like it."

In disgust the fox took his departure. He had been so sure of a fine feast that he had eaten nothing for breakfast. His sides were lank and lean as he sadly strolled away through the forest.

"Good-bye, Friend Fox," called the toucan after him. "It is not good, you know, for anybody to think he knows all the tricks of a game. And two can play at any game."



DANDELION

O LITTLE soldier with the golden helmet,
What are you guarding on my lawn?
You with your green gun
And your yellow beard,
Why do you stand so stiff?
There is only the grass to fight!

HILDA CONKLING

Reprinted by permission from *Poems by a Little Girl*, by Hilda Conkling. Copyright 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.



THE ORGAN GRINDERS' GARDEN

IN THE winter, in the winter,
When the clouds shake snow,
I know a little garden
Where the organ grinders go;

A cozy little garden
Where the fountain makes a fizz,
And round about the lattices
The sunbeams sizz;

Where underneath the bushes
In the nodding afternoons,
The frisky little organs sit
And spill their tinky tunes;

While tingle, tingle, tangle,
Go the pennies in the cup
As all the baby monkeys
Practice picking pennies up.

By permission of the author.



In the winter, in the winter,
When the sharp winds blow,
I know a little garden
Where the organ grinders go;

A giddy little garden
Where the fruit is always ripe,
And every grinning grinder
Sits and pulls upon a pipe;

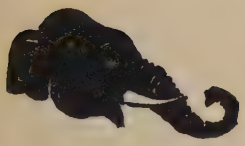
While all the father monkeys
Hang their fezzes on the twigs,
And teach the baby monkeys
How to master little jigs;

Until at last the mothers come,
As day begins to fade,
And tuck the baby monkeys up
To snoozle in the shade.

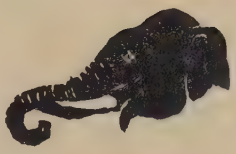
In the winter, in the winter,
When the clouds shake snow,
I know a little garden
Where the organ grinders go;

A garden where the grinders
And the monkeys on a string,
Are pleased to wait serenely
For the coming of the spring.

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN



GRANNY'S BLACKIE



ELLEN C. BABBITT

ONCE upon a time a rich man gave a baby Elephant to a woman. She took the best of care of this great baby and soon became very fond of him.

The children in the village called her Granny, and they called the Elephant "Granny's Blackie."

The Elephant carried the children on his back all over the village. They shared their goodies with him and he played with them.

"Please, Blackie, give us a swing," they said to him almost every day.

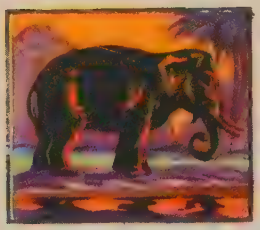
"Come on! Who is first?" Blackie answered, and picked them up with his trunk, swung them high in the air, and then put them down again, carefully.

But Blackie never did any work.

He ate and slept, played with the children, and visited with Granny.

One day Blackie wanted Granny to go off to the woods with him.

From *Jataka Tales*, retold by Ellen C. Babbitt. New York: The Century Co.



"I can't go, Blackie, dear. I have too much work to do."

Then Blackie looked at her and saw that she was growing old and feeble.

"I am young and strong," he thought. "I'll see if I cannot find some work to do. If I could bring some money home to her she would not have to work so hard."

So next morning, bright and early, he started down to the river bank.

There he found a man who was in great trouble. There was a long line of wagons so heavily loaded that the Oxen could not draw them through the shallow water.

When the man saw Blackie standing on the bank he asked, "Who owns this Elephant? I want to hire him to help my Oxen pull these wagons across the river."

A child standing near by said, "That is Granny's Blackie."

"Very well," said the man, "I'll pay two pieces of silver for each wagon that he draws across the river."



Blackie was glad to hear this promise. He went into the river and drew one wagon after another across to the other side.

Then he went up to the man for the money.

The man counted out one piece of silver for each wagon.

When Blackie saw that the man had counted out but one piece of silver for each wagon, instead of two, he

would not touch the money at all. He stood in the road and would not let the wagons pass him.

The man tried to get Blackie out of the way but not one step would he move.

Then the man went back and counted out another piece of silver for each of the wagons and put the silver in a bag tied around Blackie's neck.

Then Blackie started for home, proud to think that he had a present for Granny.

The children had missed Blackie and had asked Granny where he was, but she said she did not know where he had gone.

They all looked for him but it was nearly night before they heard him coming.

"Where have you been, Blackie? And what is that around your neck?" the children cried, running to meet their playmate.

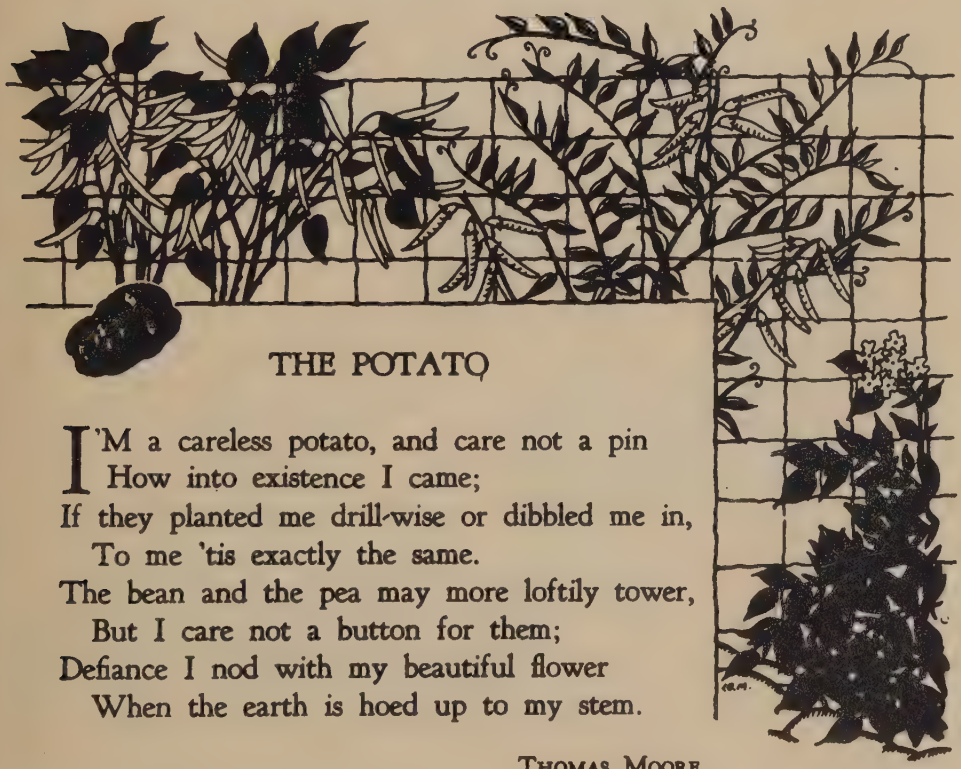
But Blackie would not stop to talk with his playmates. He ran straight home to Granny.

"Oh, Blackie!" she said, "Where have you been? What is in that bag?" And quickly untying the string, she took the little cloth bag off his neck.

Blackie told her that he had earned some money for her.

"Oh, Blackie, Blackie," said Granny, "how hard you must have worked to earn these pieces of silver! What a good Blackie you are!"

And after that Blackie did all the hard work and Granny rested, and they were both very happy.



THE POTATO

I'M a careless potato, and care not a pin
How into existence I came;
If they planted me drill-wise or dibbled me in,
To me 'tis exactly the same.
The bean and the pea may more loftily tower,
But I care not a button for them;
Defiance I nod with my beautiful flower
When the earth is hoed up to my stem.

THOMAS MOORE

JUNGLELAND SPECIAL

A BALKY mule has four-wheel brakes.
A billy goat has bumpers.
The firefly is a bright spotlight.
Rabbits are puddle jumpers.
Camels have balloon-tired feet,
And carry spares of what they eat;
But still I think that nothing beats
The kangaroos with rumble seats.

Kentucky Highways





THE QUEER LITTLE BAKER MAN



PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN

ALL the children were glad when the Little Baker came to town and hung the sign above his queer little brown shop:

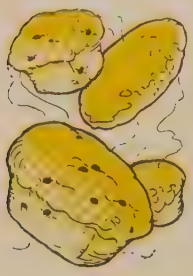
"Thanksgiving Loaves To Sell."

Each child ran to tell the news to another child, until soon the streets echoed with the sound of many running feet, and the clear November air was full of the sound of happy laughter, as a crowd of little children thronged as near as they dared to the Little Baker's shop, while the boldest crept so close that they could feel the heat from the big brick oven and see the gleaming rows of bakers' pans.

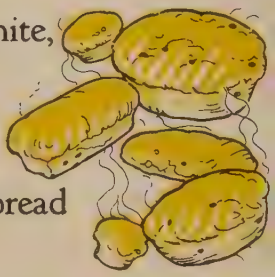
The Little Baker never said a word. He washed his hands at the windmill water spout and dried them, waving them in the crisp air. Then he unfolded a long, spotless table, and setting it up before his shop door he began to mold the loaves, while the wondering children drew nearer and nearer to watch him.

Used by permission of *Mother's-Home Life*, Chicago.

He molded big, long loaves, and tiny, round loaves; wee loaves filled with currants, square loaves with queer markings on them, fat loaves and flat loaves, and loaves in shapes such as the children had never seen before, and always as he molded he sang a soft tune to these words:



Buy my loaves of brown and white,
Molded for the child's delight.
Who forgets another's need,
Eats unthankful and in greed;
But the child who breaks his bread
With another, Love has fed.



By and by the children began to whisper to each other.

"I shall buy that very biggest loaf," said the Biggest Boy. "Mother lets me buy what I wish. I shall eat it alone, which is fair if I pay for it."

"Oh," said the Tiniest Little Girl, "that would be greedy. You could never eat so big a loaf alone."

"If I pay for it, it is mine," said the Biggest Boy, boastfully, "and one need not share what is his own unless he wishes."

"Oh," said the Tiniest Little Girl, but she said it more



softly this time, and she drew away from the Biggest Boy, and looked at him with eyes that had grown big and round.

"I have a penny," she said to the Little Lame Boy, "and you and I can have one of those wee loaves together. They have currants in them, so we shall not mind if the loaf is small."

"No, indeed," said the Little Lame Boy, whose face had grown wistful when the Biggest Boy had talked

of the great loaf. "No, indeed, but you shall take the bigger piece."

Then the Little Baker Man raked out the bright coals from the great oven into an iron basket, and he put in the loaves, every one, while the children crowded closer with eager faces.

When the last loaf was in, he shut the oven door with a clang so loud and merry that the children broke into a shout of laughter.

Then the Queer Little Baker Man came and stood in his shop door, and he was smiling, and he sang again a merry little tune to these words:

> Clang, clang, my oven door,
> My loaves will bake as oft before,
> And you may play where shines the sun
> Until each loaf is brown and done.

Then away ran the children, laughing and looking at the door of the shop where the Queer Little Baker stood, and where the raked-out coals, bursting at times, cast long, red lights against the brown wall; and as they ran they sang together the Queer Little Baker's merry song with its lilting tune and gay words:

Clang, clang, my oven door,
The loaves will bake as oft before.

Then some played at hide-and-seek among the sheaves of ungarnered corn, and some ran gleefully through the heaped-up leaves of russet and gold for joy to hear them rustling. But some, eager, returned home for pennies to buy a loaf when the Queer Little Baker should call:

The loaves are ready, white and brown,
For every little child in town,
Come buy Thanksgiving loaves and eat,
But only Love can make them sweet.

Soon all the air was filled with the sound of the swift running feet, as the children flew like a cloud of leaves blown by the wind in answer to the Queer Little Baker's call. When they came to his shop they paused, laughing and whispering, as the Little Baker laid out the loaves on the spotless table.

"This is mine," said the Biggest Boy, and laying down a silver coin he snatched the great loaf, and ran away to break it by himself.

Then came the Impatient Boy, crying, "Give me my

loaf. This is mine, and give it to me at once. Do you not see my coin is silver? Do not keep me waiting."

The Little Baker never said a word. He did not smile, he did not frown, he did not hurry. He gave the Impatient Boy his loaf and watched him as he, too, hurried away to eat his loaf alone.

Then came others, crowding, pushing, with their money, the strongest and rudest gaining first place, and snatching each a loaf they ran off to eat without a word of thanks, while some very little children looked on wistfully, not able even to gain a place. All this time the Queer Little Baker kept steadily on laying out the beautiful loaves on the spotless table.

A Gentle Lad came, when the crowd grew less, and giving all the pennies he had he bought loaves for all the little ones; so that by and by no one was without a loaf. The Tiniest Little Girl went away hand in hand with the Little Lame Boy to share her wee loaf, and both were smiling, and whoever broke one of those smallest loaves found it larger than it had seemed at first.

But now the Biggest Boy was beginning to frown.



"This loaf is sour," he said angrily, holding it up.

"But is it not your own loaf," said the Baker, "and did you not choose it yourself, and choose to eat it alone? Do not complain of the loaf since it is your own choosing."

Then those who had snatched the loaves ungratefully and hurried away, without waiting for a word of thanks, came back.

"We came for good bread," they cried, "but those loaves are sodden and heavy."

"See the lad there with all those children. His bread

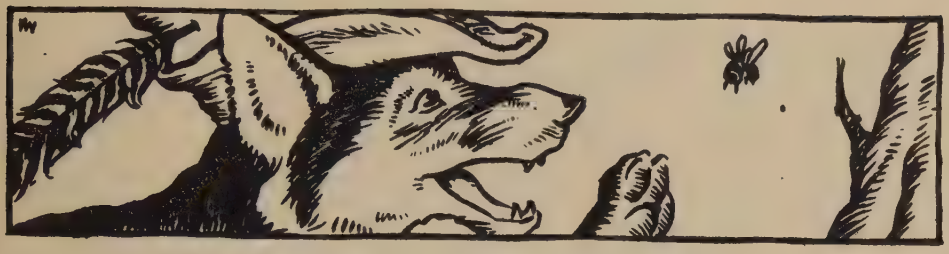
is light. Give us, too, light bread and sweet."

But the Baker smiled a strange smile. "You chose in haste," he said, "as those choose who have no thought in sharing. I cannot change your loaves. I cannot choose for you. Had you, buying, forgotten that mine are Thanksgiving loaves? I shall come again; then you can buy more wisely."

Then these children went away thoughtfully.

But the very little children and the Gentle Lad sat eating their bread with joyous laughter, and each tiny loaf was broken into many pieces as they shared with each other, and to them the bread was as fine as cake and as sweet as honey.

Then the Queer Little Baker brought cold water and put out the fire. He folded his spotless table, and took down the boards of his little brown shop, packed all into his wagon, and drove away singing a quaint tune. Soft winds rustled the corn, and swept the boughs together with a musical chuckling. And where the brown leaves were piled thickest, making a little mound, sat the Tiniest Little Girl and the Little Lame Boy, eating their sweet currant loaf happily together.



THE TRAVELS OF A FOX

ONE day a fox, while digging behind a stump, found a bumblebee. He put the bumblebee in a bag, tossed the bag over his shoulder and traveled.

At the first house he came to he went in and said to the housewife, "May I leave my bag here while I go to town?" "Yes," said the woman. "Don't open the bag," cautioned the fox.

As soon as he was gone the woman began to wonder what was in the bag. "I'll look and see," she thought. "It can't do any harm, for I shall tie it right up again."

The moment the woman untied the string, out flew the bumblebee and the rooster swallowed him.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag and knew at once his bumblebee was gone. So he said to the woman, "Where is my bumblebee?" "I



untied the string," she answered, "just to take a little peep, and the bumblebee flew out and the rooster ate him."

"I must have the rooster, then," said the fox. So he caught the rooster and put him in his bag and traveled.

At the next house he went in and said to the housewife, "May I leave my bag here while I go to town?" "Yes," said the woman. "Don't open the bag," the fox told her.

As soon as he was out of sight the woman began to wonder what was in the bag. "I'll look and see," she thought. "It can't do any harm, for I shall tie the bag right up again."

When she untied the string the rooster flew out and the pig caught him and ate him.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag and knew at once his rooster was gone. "Where is my rooster?" he asked with a growl.

"I untied the string," the woman answered, "just to take a little peep, and the rooster flew out and the pig ate him."

"I must have the pig, then," said the fox.

So he caught the pig and put him in his bag and traveled.

At the next house he went in and said to the house-



wife, "May I leave my bag here while I go to town?" "Yes," said the woman. "Don't open the bag," cautioned the fox.

As soon as he was out of sight the woman began to wonder what was in the bag. "I'll look and see," she thought. "It can't do any harm, for I shall tie the bag right up again."

The moment she untied the string, the pig jumped out and the ox gored him.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag and knew at once his pig was gone. "Where is my pig?" he asked.

"I untied the string," the woman answered, "just to take a little peep, and the pig jumped out and the ox gored him."

"I must have the ox, then," said the fox.

So he caught the ox and put him in his bag and traveled.

At the next house he went in and said to the housewife, "May I leave my bag here while I go to town?" "Yes," said the woman. "Don't open the bag," warned the fox as he started on his way to town.

As soon as he was out of sight the woman began to wonder what was in the bag. "I'll look and see," she thought. "It can't do any harm, for I shall tie the bag right up again."

The moment she untied the string the ox got out. The woman's little boy chased the ox out of the house, up a hill and over it, and out of sight.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag and knew at once his ox was gone. "Where is my ox?" he asked. "I untied the string just to take a little peep," said the woman, "and the ox got out. My little boy chased him out of the house and out of sight."

"I must have the little boy, then," said the fox.

So he caught the little boy and put him in his bag and traveled.

At the next house he went in and said to the housewife, "May I leave my bag here while I go to town?" "Yes," said the woman. "Don't open the bag," said the fox.

The woman was making cake, and when it was baked brown she took it from the oven. The children began to beg for a piece of the cake.

"Oh, mother, give me a piece!" cried one, and "Oh, mother, give me a piece!" begged the others.

The little boy in the bag smelled the cake, and he heard the children teasing for it. So he said, "Oh, mother dear, give me a piece of cake!"

The woman opened the bag and took the little boy out, and she put her big bulldog in the bag in place of the little boy. The little boy had a piece of cake and played with the other children.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag and he saw it was tied fast, so he thought the little boy was safe inside. "I've had nothing to eat all day," said the fox to himself, "and I'm getting hungry. I'll stop in the woods and see how this little boy in my bag tastes."

So he put the bag on his back and traveled deep into the woods. Then he sat down and untied the bag—and the bulldog said "Gr-r-r-r-!" and ate the fox all up.





THE SHEPHERD BOY

Aesop

AT THE foot of a mountain near a dark forest a young shepherd boy once took care of a flock of sheep. Being by himself all day long, he was lonely. So he thought of a plan to bring people to the mountain.

One morning he rushed down to the village, calling "Wolf, wolf!" The villagers came running out to help him drive the wolf away. There was no wolf to be seen, but some of the people stayed with him a long time for fear the wolf might come. The boy thought his plan a good one, so a few days later he tried the same trick. Again the people came running out from the village to help him, but could find no wolf.

Shortly afterward, a wolf really did come from the forest, and begin to prowl around the sheep. The boy was frightened and ran to the town, crying out, "Wolf, wolf!" louder than before. This time the townspeople, who had been fooled twice, thought the boy was fooling them again, so nobody would go to help him. The wolf ate several of the boy's sheep, and when the boy told his father about it, his father answered, "If people find out you do not always speak the truth, they will not believe you when it is the truth that you do speak."

THE PASTURE

I'M GOING to clean out the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I shan't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I shan't be gone long.—You come too.

ROBERT FROST

From *Selected Poems*. New York: Henry Holt and Company.



DAPHNE

FLORA J. COOKE

DAPHNE was a daughter of the River God Peneus. She was a beautiful child and her father loved her more than anything else in the world. Her home was in a cave which he had cut for her in a great white cliff. The walls of the cave were of marble. From the roof hung crystal chandeliers which Peneus'

From *Nature Myths and Stories for Little Children*. Chicago: A. Flanagan Co.

servants had made. On the floor was a soft green carpet woven by the water fairies.

Peneus brought his most beautiful pebbles to Daphne's cave every night. He sang songs to her in the evenings and told her stories of his travels. She visited with him the great island which he was building in the sea.

When the morning star shone in the sky it was Daphne who awakened the birds and flowers. With her golden hair flying behind her, she sped into the forest. Everything awoke when they felt the touch of her rosy fingers, and smiled as they saw her happy face. The trees and the forest animals were her playfellows, and she had no wish for other friends. She learned their ways, and the deer could not run more swiftly than she, nor the birds sing more sweetly.

One day as she was running over the stones near the cave, King Apollo saw her.

"Ah, little maid," said he, "you are very beautiful. Your feet are too tender for the hard rocky earth. Come, you shall live with me in my palace in the sky."

But Daphne fled from him.

She did not want to leave her beautiful earth home. Fear gave her wings, and faster and faster she flew. Her hair streamed behind her like a cloud of golden light as Apollo followed more swiftly than the wind.

"Stop and listen," he cried; "I am not a foe, foolish girl. It is Apollo who follows you. I shall carry you to a home more beautiful than anything you have ever seen."

She felt his breath upon her hair, and saw his hand as he stretched it forth to seize her.

"Father, save me from Apollo," she cried. "Let the earth enclose me."

Peneus heard her voice and instantly her feet became fastened in the soil like roots. A soft bark covered her body and her beautiful hair became the leaves of the laurel tree.

Apollo sadly gathered some of the leaves and wove them into a wreath. He laid his hand upon the tree and said, "I would have made you happy, but you would not listen to me. At least you shall be my tree. Your leaves shall be ever green and heroes shall be crowned with them in sign of victory."



THE WONDERFUL WORLD

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree—
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS



THE ORIGIN OF THE LEOPARD AND HYENA

East African Folk Tale

ONE day two lion cubs were playing in the woods near a narrow path. Suddenly they heard the dry leaves on the path rustle and, looking out from their hiding place, they saw some warriors in their war paint marching past.

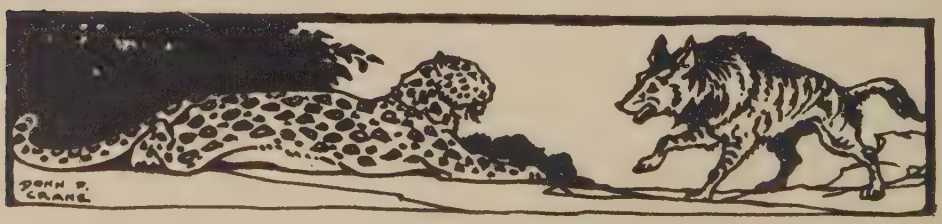
"Let us make ourselves beautiful like these men," said

one of the cubs. "I know where a man has hidden some paint and we can use that."

The other little lion thought that was a good idea, so they went together to where the paint was hidden. One of the cubs painted black spots on his brother's coat. When he had finished, the spotted cub began to paint him, but at that moment they heard somebody call out, "A goat has been lost!" So the spotted cub threw the paint pot at his brother and ran off to see if he could find the goat.

When night came the two cubs ran home. When they tried to get into the cave where their mother lived, she said, "No, indeed, I won't have such queer animals in my cave. You don't *look* like baby lions any more! I don't believe you *are* lions any more!"

And she was right, for the spotted cub became the father of all the leopards, and the partly-painted cub was the first of the hyenas. This everybody knows.





THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

Grimm

ONCE upon a time there was a poor shoemaker. He worked very hard but could not earn enough money to buy food for his wife and himself. At last, all he had in the world was gone except leather enough to make one pair of shoes. He cut out the leather at night, thinking he would get up early the next morning and make it into shoes.

In spite of his poverty his heart was light, for his conscience was clear and he owed no man. So he and his wife went to bed, asking God to take care of them. In the morning the shoemaker said his prayers and sat down at his work bench. There, to his great wonder, he saw before him the shoes, already made.

The shoemaker rubbed his eyes and looked at the work. He did not know what to think. There was



not one wrong stitch in the whole job. All was deftly and neatly done. He called his wife and she, too, wondered what had happened.

That morning a customer came in, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a higher price than usual for them. With the money the shoemaker bought leather enough for two more pairs of shoes. He cut out the work and went to bed early, for he wished to be up with the sun to finish them.

He was saved all labor, for when he got up in the morning the work was done. Pretty soon customers came in, who paid him well for the shoes. So he bought leather enough for four pairs more.

He cut out the work again that evening, and again he found it finished in the morning. And so it went on for some time. What was ready at night was always done by daybreak, and the good man had all



the orders he could fill and plenty of money in his purse besides.

One evening, near Christmas time, the shoemaker and his wife sat by the fire.

"I should like to sit up and watch tonight, good wife, so we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me. Will you sit up and watch with me?"

His wife agreed, and they left the light burning and hid themselves behind a curtain to see what would happen.

As the clock struck twelve, two little Elves skipped into the room and hopped upon the table. They sat on the shoemaker's bench, took up the work that was there already cut out, and began to work at a great rate. They stitched and rapped and tapped so fast that the shoemaker was amazed. He and his wife could not take their eyes off the little Elves for a moment.

Soon the job was done, and long before daybreak the shoes stood, ready for use, upon the table. Then the Elves ran away as quick as lightning.

The next day the shoemaker's wife said to him, "These little Elves have made us rich, and we ought to be grateful to them and do something for them in return. Poor little things, they run about with nothing on their backs to keep them warm. I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll make each of them a shirt, a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of trousers as well, and knit some stockings for them. You can make each of them a little pair of shoes of fine bright-colored leather."

The good shoemaker liked the idea very much, and he and his wife soon made the tiny suits and shoes. On Christmas eve all was ready and the good people laid their gifts, instead of the work they used to cut, out on the table. Then they hid behind the curtain to watch what the little Elves would do.

At midnight, when the bells were ringing forth beautiful Christmas carols, in the little Elves came running. They looked for their work, but when they saw the clothes lying on the bench for them, they shouted with glee. In two seconds they had dressed themselves, and they danced and capered about as merry as could be, singing:

"Smartly dressed now are we,
No more shoemakers will we be!"

Then they danced out of the door, and the shoemaker never saw them again. But everything went well with him and with his good wife forever after.





MRS. BROWN

AS SOON as I'm in bed at night
And snugly settled down,
The little girl I am by day
Goes very suddenly away,
And then I'm Mrs. Brown.

I have a family of six,
And all of them have names,
The girls are Joyce and Nancy Maud,
The boys are Marmaduke and Claude
And Percival and James.

We have a house with twenty rooms
A mile away from town;
I think it's good for girls and boys
To be allowed to make a noise—
And so does Mr. Brown.

We do the most exciting things,
Enough to make you creep;
And on and on we go—
I sometimes wonder if I know
When I have gone to sleep.

ROSE FYLEMAN

From *The Fairy Green*, by Rose Fyleman. Copyright 1923. George H. Doran Company, publishers, New York.



AMONG THE CORAL TREES

Mrs. A. S. Hardy

IN SOME parts of the sea the water is so clear that one may look far down to the bottom and see the forests of coral that are growing there.

Coral trees are graceful and branching, but they are very unlike the trees that grow upon the land. They bloom with soft, starlike animals in place of leaves and flowers.

The animal flowers that cover the surface of each living branch and leaf of the coral trees are called *polyps*.

From *Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes*. Boston: Ginn & Company.

They are made on the wheel plan like the anemones, and like them they have fine fringed tentacles about their tiny mouths. They are protected by skeletons of lime in which the tiny polyps hide.

The pieces of coral branches we so much admire are the skeletons of great numbers of little polyps who once lived in the branch together. They lived so close together that when they died their skeletons were still joined to each other.

But when alive the coral stems looked very different from the dry, hard branches that we have. Then they were soft and downy with the waving, many-colored tentacles of the little polyps.

We say they make the beautiful coral in which they live. They do not make it in the sense that a bee makes its honeycomb, though honeycomb and coral sometimes resemble each other.

The coral makers make their coral just by living the simple lives that God gives them. So they build better than they know. Their skeletons are made of lime, which the little animals gather from the sea water.

The coral people are very sensitive, as we found their

cousins, the sea anemones, to be. The bodies of all the little polyps in one coral tower are joined together, each one opening at its base into the body of its next neighbor; and if one little coral animal is touched or disturbed it quickly draws in its tentacles and hides in its stony skeleton, and instantly the trouble is told in some way to every one in that coral town, and each one draws in its curling fringes and hides as if it had been the one that was touched.

There are two things they must have in order to live and make their fine corals. They must have warmth and clear water.

Among the coral trees the strangest and the brightest of sea animals live and play. Fiery red, brightest blue, golden yellow, and silver and green are among the colors to be seen there, making the forests under the sea no less gay than the gayest gardens on the land, or than our forests when painted by the frosts of autumn.

Larger animals die and their bodies perish, but skeletons of puny polyps last through the ages and become the foundations of large and most beautiful islands.

Surely to be little is not to be useless.



THE RABBIT

WHEN they said the time to hide was mine,
I hid back under a thick grapevine.

And while I was still for the time to pass,
A little gray thing came out of the grass.

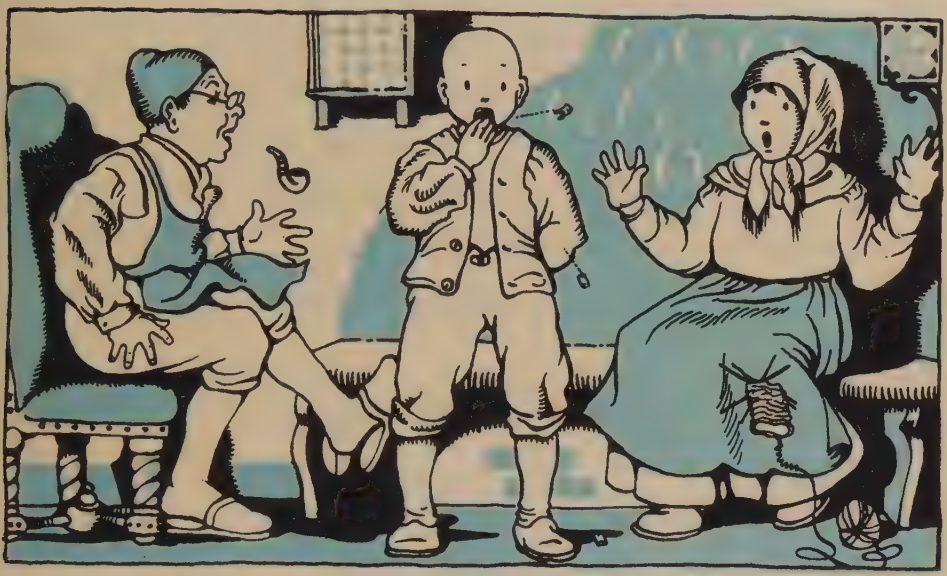
He hopped his way through the melon bed
And sat down close by a cabbage head.

He sat down close where I could see,
And his big still eyes looked hard at me,

His big eyes bursting out of the rim,
And I looked back very hard at him.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

From *Under the Tree*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. Copyright 1922, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.



THE LIAR'S CABBAGE

Translated from the German of Ernst Dannheiser

RUDI was a little liar. There are no such liars any more these days. His parents punished him, but that didn't do any good. Rudi kept on lying. After a while, every time he told a lie, a hair fell from his head. And, since he wouldn't stop lying, by the time he was ten years old he was bald as a baseball. So, after that, he couldn't lose any more hair, because he hadn't any more hair to lose.

But Rudi told another lie. Krax! A tooth fell out.

Krax! and again Krax!—in that one day three lies cost him three teeth. This began to be serious.

Then Rudi's parents grew worried, and so did Rudi. They asked advice of a clever shepherd. He laid one finger to his nose, stroked his beard, and thought a while. Then he opened a thick book and there he found written:

"When no warning or punishment helps, there is but one cure for lying and that is the liar's cabbage. The liar's cabbage grows in a great meadow. Hunt it and you will find it—hunt, hunt, hunt."

Then Rudi said good-bye to his parents and went forth to hunt the liar's cabbage. His mother strapped a little painted tin box over his shoulders in which he was to put the cabbage when he found it. Then she kissed him on his bald head.

Rudi wandered onward until it was dusk. Then, just at dark, he came to a house that was covered and trimmed with mouse fur. A little mouse was on guard at the door. He wore a helmet on his head, carried a sword in his paw, and a tiny lighted lantern was strapped to his chest. He saw Rudi at once.

"Halt! Who goes there?" he cried in a shrill voice.

"I am Rudi," answered the boy. "I'd like to spend the night in your house."

"Go inside and see the Mouse General. You will be welcomed."

Rudi went in and found the Mouse General, who was quite friendly. He was an old soldier mouse who bore battle scars on his nose. He lived alone with his little mice and he cared for them like a father, and played soldiers with them. After a little talk, he asked Rudi, "Have you ever seen little mice march on parade?"

"Oh, quite often," answered Rudi.

Krax! A tooth flew out of his mouth. Rudi had just time to pick it up and put it in his pocket, when suddenly a whole army of mice came running into the room. They climbed up on Rudi, whispering in his ear, "Oh! Oh! You told a lie!"

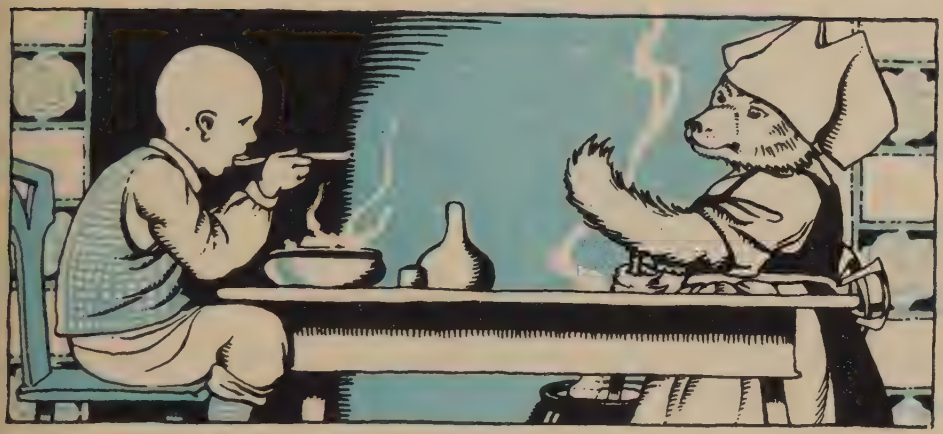
Rudi began to cry, for he didn't like mice very well. Then the good Mouse General called the mice off. To Rudi he said, "Go hunt the liar's cabbage. I know where it is, for I myself had to find the liar's cabbage,

once on a time! One of my mice will go with you as guide. But you must go at once, although it is night, for I may not keep a liar in my house."

So Rudi started out with his mouse guide, and by sunrise they found themselves near a house in front of which sat a cat, washing her face. The mouse was afraid of the cat and asked Rudi to hide him in the tin box until they had passed the cat. But Rudi did not like to take the mouse up in his hand, so the mouse had to turn back and go home to the Mouse General.

Rudi went on alone and back of the house he met a tiny, wrinkled old man who was winking all the time as he worked. The Winking Man was just trying to saw a turnip into slices so he could put it in the pot to cook, but as he was old and weak, he was having a hard time with his sawing. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead like dew on a withered flower.

Rudi felt sorry for the old man, so he helped him saw the turnip in slices. The Little Winking Man was so grateful that he kissed Rudi's shoe, because he was too little to reach much higher. Then Rudi told him his



story. The Little Winking Man asked for the last tooth Rudi had lost and threw it in the air, and it flew away, so far that they could not see where it fell.

Then the Little Winking Man said to Rudi, "I have a little wolf that guards my house for me. He will show you the way to the great meadow."

The little wolf went gladly with Rudi until they came to the entrance of the big meadow. There they found a cave in which lived a big mother bear and her four little bears. They were the guardians of the liar's cabbages. They told Rudi that if he wanted to be cured of lying he must stay with them for a time and become their servant. So Rudi stayed and the little wolf went home again to the Little Winking Man.

Rudi worked a hundred days for the bears. He had to work hard and he got more blows than bread. When he sat down to rest, the little bears came and plagued him. For the whole hundred days Rudi was not allowed to speak and in that time he forgot how to lie. By evening he was always very tired but even so he had to go out in the meadow and hunt for a tiny liar's cabbage to bring to the bears. Often he wished to run away from the bears and go home to his parents, but the bears would not let him go. A hundred days he worked and a hundred evenings he went out to the meadow to gather liar's cabbages.

When he had gathered a hundred liar's cabbages the bear cooked them and gave them to Rudi to eat, and when he had eaten them he couldn't lie any more and the bears sent him home to his parents. He was so happy that he gave the tin box to the little bears as a farewell gift.

His parents were glad to see him and loved him better than ever before because he didn't lie. In springtime his hair began to grow again and his teeth, too, grew in again. And Rudi never told any more lies.



THE GREEDY CAT

Retold from Peter Christian Asbjornsen

ONCE on a time there was a man who had a Cat, and she was big—so big! And she could eat—how she could eat! So the man decided he couldn't keep her any longer. So he told her she would have to go out in the world and earn her own dinners. But before she started she was to have a meal of meat. Therefore the goody set before her a bowl of porridge and a little trough of fat. That the Cat ate, and ran off and jumped through the window. Outside stood the goodman by the barn door, threshing.

"Good day, goodman," said the Cat.

"Good day, pussy," said the goodman; "have you had any food today?"

From *Tales from the Fjeld*, translated by Sir George Dasent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge and a trough of fat—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too"; and so she took the goodman and gobbled him up.

When she had done that, she went into the barn, and there sat the goody milking.

"Good day, goody," said the Cat.

"Good day, pussy," said the goody; "are you here, and have you eaten up your food yet?"

"Oh, I've eaten a little today, but I'm 'most fasting," said pussy; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too"; and so she took the goody and gobbled her up.

"Good day, you cow at the manger," said the Cat to Daisy the cow.





"Good day, pussy," said the cow; "have you had any food today?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "I've only had a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too"; and so she took the cow and gobbled her up.

Then off she set and after a while she came to a hazel brake, and there sat a squirrel gathering nuts.

"Good day, Sir Squirrel of the Brake," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat today?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, —and, now I think of it, I'll take you too." So she took the squirrel and gobbled him up.

When she had gone a little farther, she saw Reynard the fox, who was prowling about by the woodside.

"Good day, Reynard Slyboots," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat today?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the squirrel—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too." So she took Reynard and gobbled him up.

When the Cat got still farther on, she met Baron Bruin himself.

"Good day, you Baron Bruin," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy," said Bruin; "have you had anything to eat today?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the squirrel, and the fox—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too"; and so she took Bruin and gobbled him up.

So the cat went on and on, and farther than far, till she came near a town again, and there she met a man riding his donkey to market.

"Good day, old man on the donkey," said she.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat today?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the squirrel, and the fox, and Bruin the bear—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too"; so she opened her mouth wide and down her throat went the old man and the donkey.

Then she went along in the middle of the road, swinging her long tail. Just as she came through the great gate of the town, she heard a loud noise and

saw a cloud of dust. It was the king riding to war on his great war-elephant, and after him marched all his soldiers.

"Good day, Sir King with all your army," said she.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; have you had anything to eat today?"

"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the squirrel, and the fox, and Bruin the bear, and the old man with his donkey—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too," and she opened her mouth wide and swallowed the king on his elephant and all his soldiers, too.

Then the cat started on again, but she went slowly now, for she really wasn't particularly hungry any more. She thought she would take a look around the town and find a nice, warm place for a nap. As she went along she saw a little mouse peeping out at her.

"Good day, Mousie Bright-eyes," said the Cat.

"Good day, Mrs. Pussy; you've had plenty to eat today, haven't you?"



"Oh, I've had a little, but I'm 'most fasting," said the Cat; "it was only a bowl of porridge, and a trough of fat, and the goodman, and the goody, and the cow, and the squirrel, and the fox, and Bruin the bear, and the old man with the donkey, and the king on his elephant and all his army—and, now I think of it, I'll take you too"; and she opened her mouth just a wee bit and swallowed the little mouse.

Then the Cat curled up and went to sleep, but the little mouse looked around him in the dark and saw the

king trying to keep his elephant from stepping on the soldiers, and the soldiers trying to march in parade, and the donkey carrying his master, Bruin asleep in one corner, and the squirrel scolding the fox in another, while the goody was searching all round in the dark for the goodman, who was watching the soldiers parade up and down.

"I must get to work," said the mouse to herself; so she began gnawing and gnawing with her sharp little teeth. Soon there was a hole large enough and she crept out. Then came the goodman and the goody, the squirrel and the fox, followed by Bruin, the old man riding his donkey, and the king on his elephant leading his soldiers. And they all went about their business, but the greedy Cat had to spend all the rest of the day looking for a tailor to sew up the hole in her coat.





THE BROKEN JUG

Adapted from the German of Ernst Dannheiser

LITTLE Marie had spent the day with her grandmother and, in the late afternoon when she was ready to start home, her grandmother gave her a little jug of milk to take along. Marie was so happy that she skipped along like a young fawn through the wood. Suddenly she heard a little bird singing beautifully, and as she went along the bird followed her, flying from tree to tree. Marie was so interested in the bird that she did not watch where she was going and stumbled over a root. Plops! There lay Little Marie on the ground, with her jug broken and the milk running away into the green moss. Poor Little Marie! How she cried and sobbed over her broken jug!

"You stupid bird," scolded Marie. "Now I have broken my jug, all on your account."

"Stupid bird?" cheeped the bird. "Twig, twig, tweg! Promise me that next time it snows you will strew

bread crumbs for me and I'll have your jug mended for you."

Marie promised the bird, upon which he flapped his wings three times and sang:





Twig, tweg, twend!
Dwarf potter, mend,
Mend the little jug in haste,
Mariechen has no time to waste.
Twig, tweg, twend!
Dwarf potter, mend.

At once the pot-mender appeared. He was a tiny man with a long white beard and a nose almost as big as his head. His hose and cap were made of leather. He took off his cap politely to the bird and to Little Marie. Then he whistled three times. At once a whole army of ants came marching, a thousand, another thousand, a hundred thousand. Each wore a tiny apron, and they were not very clean because they had to work all the time. The ants climbed the trees and each brought down a tiny, wee drop of gum, tinier than a grain of sand. Each one laid his drop of gum in the hand of the dwarf, bowed to him and then went on his way, feeling his work well done.



The dwarf laid all the gum in the sun until it was warm and soft and then used it to fasten the pieces of the jug together again.

Little Marie thanked the dwarf nicely, but when she took the jug in her hands and looked at it she began to cry again. The mug was mended, but it showed

three big seams. Then the bird flapped its wings and cried:

Twig, tweck, tway!
Now rub the cracks away.
Marie can do it without a doubt.
Rub them with what? You'll soon find out.
Twig, tweck, tway!
Now rub the cracks away.

Then suddenly the potter dwarf disappeared and the bird flew up into the blue heavens. Marie took her jug and started for home, wondering with what she was to rub the cracks. In fact, she thought so hard, she almost stumbled over a rabbit that ran across her path.

After she had gone a little way, Marie met a tiny girl who had scratched her hand on a rose thorn. The child was crying because her finger was bleeding. Marie took a clean rag and tied it on the little girl's finger. Then she picked up her jug and a little of the blood that had got on her hand was rubbed on the jug—and one of the cracks had disappeared!

A little farther along the road she met another child. The poor little thing was crying from hunger. Marie gave the child a big slice of bread and butter that her

grandmother had slipped into her pocket. Then she wiped the child's eyes and picked up her jug, but some of the tears had wet her fingers and when they touched the jug—the second crack had disappeared!

So, rejoicing, she went on her road toward home. After a time she saw a boy plowing in the fields. He was so hot from his work that the perspiration ran down his face. Marie stopped to talk to him and offered her handkerchief to wipe his forehead. When she took back her kerchief and picked up the jug, some of the dampness touched the crack, and—the jug was like new!

Then all at once the jug filled itself with fresh, rich milk. Little Marie gave the boy a drink, and then she went on her way to her mother, and told her all that had happened to her on the way home from grandmother's house. The jug she put away carefully.

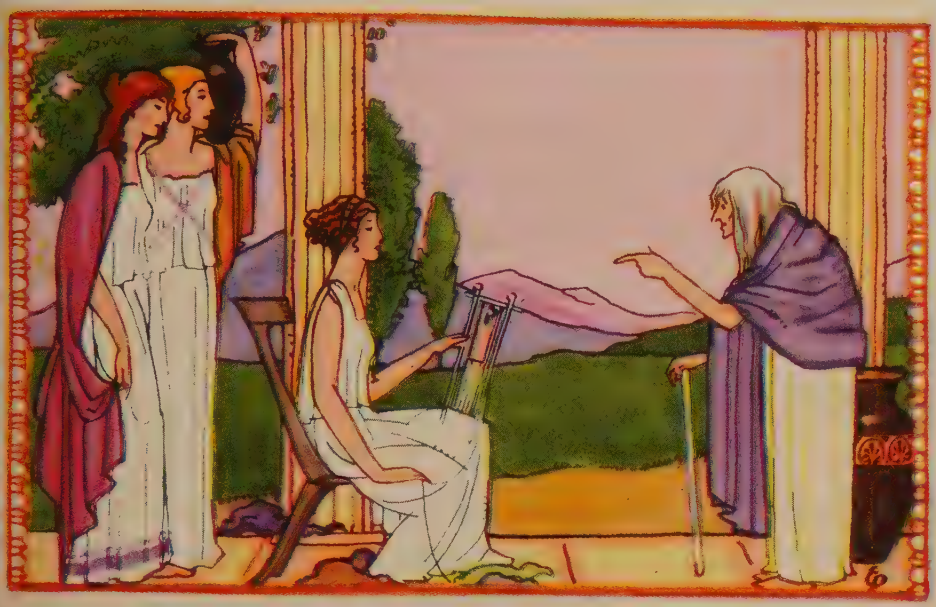
LITTLE THINGS

LITTLE drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean, and the pleasant land.
Thus the little minutes, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity.

Author Unknown



By permission of the author.



ARACHNE

Flora J. Cooke

ARACHNE was a beautiful maiden and the most wonderful weaver that ever lived. Her father was famed throughout the land for his great skill in coloring.

He dyed Arachne's wools in all the colors of the rainbow. People came from miles around to see and admire her work. They all agreed that Queen Athena must have been her teacher. Arachne proudly said that

From *Nature Myths and Stories for Little Children.* Chicago: A. Flanagan Co.

she had never been taught to weave. She said that she would be glad to weave with Athena to see which had the greater skill. In vain her father told her that perhaps Athena, unseen, guided her hand.

Arachne would not listen and would thank no one for her gift, believing only in herself. One day as she was boasting of her skill, an old woman came to her. She kindly advised her to accept her rare gift humbly.

"Be thankful that you are so fortunate, Arachne," said she. "You may give great happiness to others by your beautiful work. Queen Athena longs to help you. But I warn you. She can do no more for you until you grow unselfish and kind."

Arachne scorned this advice and said again that nothing would please her so much as to weave with Athena.

"If I fail," she said, "I will gladly take the punishment, but Athena is afraid to weave with me."

Then the old woman threw aside her cloak and said, "Athena is here. Come, foolish girl, you shall try your skill with hers."

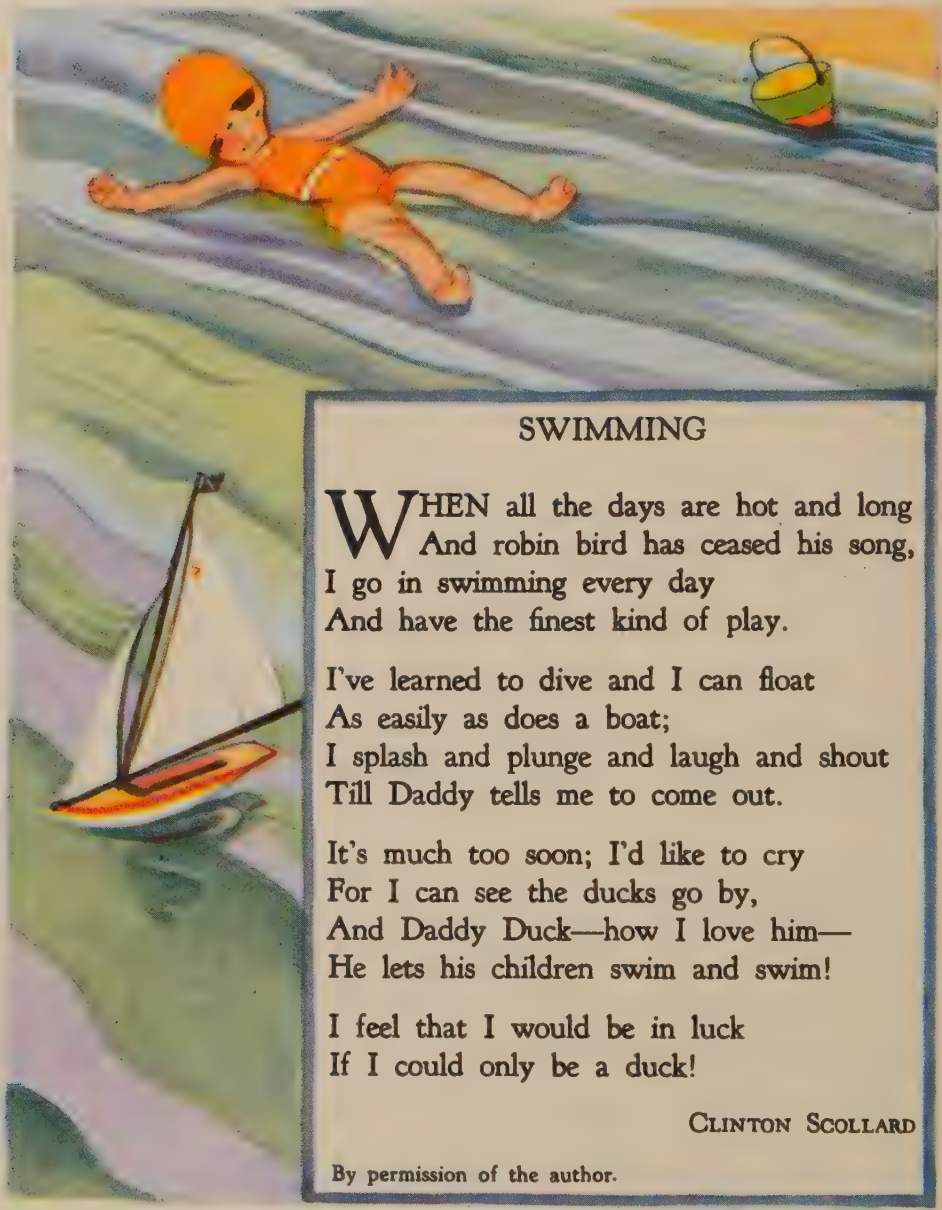
Both went quickly to work and for hours their shut-

tles flew swiftly in and out. Athena, as usual, used the sky for her loom and in it she wove a picture too beautiful to describe. If you wish to know more about it look at the western sky when the sun is setting. Arachne's work, though her colors were in harmony and her weaving wonderfully fine, was full of spite and selfishness. When the work was finished Arachne lifted her eyes to Athena's work. Instantly she knew that she had failed.

Ashamed and miserable, she tried to hang herself in her web. Athena saw her and said in pity, "No, you shall not die; live and do the work for which you are best fitted. You shall be the mother of a great race which shall be called spiders. You and your children shall be among the greatest spinners and weavers on earth."

As she spoke, Arachne became smaller and smaller until she was scarcely larger than a fly.

From that day to this Arachne and her family have been faithful spinners, but they do their work so quietly and in such dark places, that very few people know what marvelous weavers they are.



SWIMMING

WHEN all the days are hot and long
And robin bird has ceased his song,
I go in swimming every day
And have the finest kind of play.

I've learned to dive and I can float
As easily as does a boat;
I splash and plunge and laugh and shout
Till Daddy tells me to come out.

It's much too soon; I'd like to cry
For I can see the ducks go by,
And Daddy Duck—how I love him—
He lets his children swim and swim!

I feel that I would be in luck
If I could only be a duck!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

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A GREAT SURPRISE

IT WAS very queer indeed! Tommy was walking slowly down behind the barn, with his usually merry face all scowls; and Teddy was peeping through the fence into Tommy's garden, with a whole great family of wrinkles in his forehead. Now, what was it all about?

Out in Teddy's yard grew a great, tall horse-chestnut tree, and one crisp October morning a shower of pretty brown nuts came tumbling out of their thick, green shells—down, down, down, until at last they reached the broad gravel walk and the smooth, green lawn. Tommy spied them as he came hurrying home

By permission of *The Christian Register*.

from school at noon, and then the scowl came to make him a visit.

"That new boy has everything!" he exclaimed, crossly. "He has tops, and balls, and a bicycle, and now he has got all the horse-chestnuts. It isn't fair, it isn't." Then poor, discontented Tommy looked crosser than ever.

Tommy did not know that down in his garden grew something that the new boy, Teddy, had always longed to have—a bouncing, yellow pumpkin! How Teddy did wish that his papa had bought Tommy's house, and Tommy's garden, and Tommy's pumpkin —all three. Teddy sighed as he thought of the Jack-o'-Lantern that he could make if he had only one of those wonderful yellow treasures for his own. It was a very loud and sorrowful sigh, and Tommy heard it, and then he discovered the new boy peeping through the fence.

"Hello!" said Tommy, quickly.

Teddy jumped. He didn't know that anybody was near.

"Don't you like living here?" said Tommy. "You

look as if you were homesick. Now, you come over and look at my pumpkins; I've got a whole lot of them, and they're all mine—every one of them."

Teddy sighed. "I've been wanting a pumpkin for ever so long," he said, sadly, "but they don't have gardens with pumpkins in the city, and so I never had any."

Tommy looked surprised. "Would you like one?" he asked. "Because I'll give you one of mine, if you would. Come over, and I'll give you one, now."

Teddy climbed over the fence in a hurry, and he smiled and smiled as Tommy took out his jackknife from his trousers pocket and cut off one of the biggest pumpkins with a snap.

"You have everything, haven't you?" he said, regretfully. "You have pumpkins—whole gardens full of them, and apples, and grapes, and pears."

Tommy looked at Teddy in great surprise. "I have everything?" he said. "Why, I thought you were the one who had everything a few minutes ago. You have tops, and a bicycle—and horse-chestnuts," he added.

"So I have," said Teddy. "I wanted a pumpkin

so much that I just forgot all about everything else. Maybe you would like some of my horse-chestnuts, would you?"

"Oh, yes," said Tommy, his eyes dancing with delight.

"You may have a whole big bagful," declared Teddy, "and I will fetch some toothpicks and show you how to make a Brownie man with them."

"And, after school, I will help you make a Jack-o'-Lantern," said Tommy. "We will help each other, and we will divide all the things we make, and then we can both have everything really and truly."

"Yes, so we can," said Teddy.

Then those tiresome scowls and wrinkles ran away in a hurry. They went a long way off, to see if they could find two cross, discontented boys. But I hope that they never have found you!





THE BLUE WOLF

From the Sanskrit

A WOLF once fell in a vat of blue dye. A man came by and looked into the vat. He saw the wolf and thought he was dead; so he took him out, laid him on the ground, and went his way. A few minutes later the wolf jumped up, glad to be safe, and

ran off to the woods. When he got into the woods the other beasts saw him and thought he must be some new sort of animal. Seeing this, the sly wolf said, "My fur is of a royal blue! You see in me a new kind of creature, and so I must, of course, be king of all the rest!"

Then the bears, the boars, the apes, the wolves, as well as the lynx, the bull, the fox, and all the rest of them, drew near to bow their heads to him as the lord of the wood.

Soon the wolves began to think their new king had some trace of wolf about him, and the wisest one of them said, "Let us find out. Let it be done as I say. At night we will get together and all set up a loud howl near him. If he is one of us—as I think he is—he will have to howl, too."

So, when night came, the wolves gathered out of sight of their new king and, putting up their heads, began to howl. They soon heard the new king join in the cry, for he could not help it. At this, a loud laugh rang through the wood from all the beasts, and the poor blue wolf was no longer king.



IF I WERE OTHERWISE

IF I were very, very tall, as tall as I could be,
I'd play with all the little birds up in the topmost tree;
I'd jump right over houses and think nothing of a wall,
If I were very, very, very, very, very tall!

If I were very, very small, as small as I could be,
I'd run among the blades of grass where you could scarcely see;
I'd play with ants and beetles and I know I'd love them all,
If I were very, very, very, very, very small!

JOYCE L. BRISLEY

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BROWNIE

HENRY B. MASON

MY dear Joe:

Once the maid at your flat went back to Ireland and nobody was found to fill her place. You and your father and your mother ate your meals outside, and you helped your mother keep the flat in order. You made your own bed. It was good fun punching

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the pillows and bolsters into shape. When your mother asked you to turn the mattress, you looked doubtful. Then your mother said, "Oh, no, I forgot that you were so small." When your mother said that, you turned the mattress just to show her that you were big.

One night a bowl of bread and cream was accidentally left on the floor by the kitchen range. Your mother had intended to put it in the refrigerator. But just then a fashionable lady called to talk to your mother about the opera and ermine capes, and so your mother forgot the bread and cream.

In the morning your mother found to her great surprise that the kitchen floor had been scrubbed, the mop dried and hung on a nail, the hall swept, and the parlor dusted. The bread and cream were gone, but in the bowl was a slip of paper, on which was written:

Thank you for the bread and cream—Brownie.

You searched the flat but found nobody there. That noon, you and your mother went off in a hurry to lunch with your father at a restaurant. You took lamb chops and strawberry ice cream. You had left some clothes lying around in the flat. When you came back,

the clothes were all brushed and hung up in the closet. You had left your old high shoes on the floor quite muddy when you changed into low shoes to go to lunch. They had been highly polished while you were away.

When your father came home that afternoon, he said that you would all dine at a restaurant because you had no cook. When your father said that, a voice seemed to come from the wall. It said "*Dine at home.*" Your mother thought that some mischievous boy must be calling through the speaking tube.

You were not going to dine at the restaurant until seven. Your mother went to change her dress, while your father read the evening paper. It was only six o'clock. Seven o'clock was so far away that you started for the kitchen to take a light lunch before dinner. You had to pass through the dining room. When you came there, you ran back to your father and mother, calling out, "See, see!" Indeed there was something worth seeing. The table was all set for dinner and the chairs drawn up. A small but very fat turkey, cooked to a turn, lay steaming on the

platter. A dish of giblet gravy stood by the platter. Baked potatoes were heaped on another dish. A stalk of celery lay at each plate. There was a bunch of violets in the center of the table on a low stand of yellow glass.

Your father said, "This is perfectly astonishing, but we won't let that good dinner go to waste. After dinner, I'll take Mother to the theater." You said, "Me, too," and they took you along. You enjoyed the first two acts very much and had a delightful nap during the third act. You couldn't remember how you came home from the theater. It was in a cab. You woke up on the elevator in the apartment building, and you were wide awake when your father unlocked the door of the flat.

The flat looked as if it had been tidied up a little while you were all at the theater. You didn't notice anything special, except that a table you had broken the day before, when you stood on top of it to smell some flowers on the mantelpiece, had been mended.

Your mother said, "I wonder whether there is any connection between all these wonderful doings and

that bowl of bread and cream." Anyhow, it was worth while trying to find out. Your mother set another bowl of bread and cream on the floor by the kitchen range. It was all gone the next morning. The whole flat, too, was as spick and span as if a scrub-woman had been working there all night. Breakfast was ready on the table—ham and eggs, toast, and cereal.

Your father said, "A kind Brownie is waiting on us. I don't know him yet, but we ought to try to make him comfortable." A child's bed, which you had outgrown, was made up in the kitchen. You got up early the next morning to see whether anybody was sleeping there. There *wasn't* anybody, but there was a little dented down place in the middle of the bed as if a house cat might have been lying there. But you had no cat. "Dogs and cats are not allowed in the building." Breakfast was ready at the usual hour; this time you had grapefruit, sausages, and fried potatoes as well as little hot rolls.

You and your father and mother had been invited to dinner at your grandmother's that day. When you



came back, the carpet sweeper had been run through the whole flat, picking up every speck of dust. Some chicken sandwiches and a few bananas were on the table. Whoever was waiting on you seemed to know that you had had a big noon dinner at your grandmother's but might relish a little snack before you went to bed. You did.

You resolved that you would get up at midnight to find out who was sleeping in the kitchen. Instead of that, you slept later than usual. However, you made up your mind to wake up at midnight the next time. You are too big to have to take naps in the afternoon, but

now you took an afternoon nap of your own accord. Indeed, you didn't get up for dinner but dined in bed. You had a broiled quail. The kind creature who was waiting on the flat had cooked quail for dinner.

This time you woke up at midnight and crept into the kitchen in your dressing gown and slippers. While you were trying to turn on the electric light, you heard a rustling. When you turned on the light, the bedclothes were all in disorder and the pillow on the floor. You saw nobody, however; but a laughing voice called out, "*Not this time! You nearly got me, but not quite.*"

Of course, every night, your mother set a bowl of bread and cream on the kitchen floor and made up the little bed in the kitchen. Every morning the bread and cream were gone and the bed was found to be mussed up a little. Every day your mother found that the flat had been swept and dusted from one end to the other and meals were ready on the table. One day you happened to see the carpet sweeper moving along the hall without anybody in sight to push it. As you rushed down the hall, you heard little feet running away as fast as ever they could go.

Then you cried out, "Oh, Brownie, if that is your name, won't you shake hands with me, even if you won't let me see you?" At that, there was a laugh and a pleasant little voice asked, "You won't try to hold me, will you, if I shake hands with you?" You promised, and a small hand slid into your hand. It pressed yours gently but you let go, because you had said you would.

One Saturday afternoon you went into the dining room ahead of your father and mother and saw a platter of roast beef being carried to the dinner table. The platter looked as if it were floating through the air, because you couldn't see anybody carrying it. Then you exclaimed, "Brownie, oh, Brownie, please let me see you."

The air began to stir and tremble in the corner of the room. A little cloud appeared there. Slowly it took shape. First, you saw a pair of bright eyes; then a little wrinkled face; finally you saw the whole Brownie. He was short but strongly built, with broad shoulders. He was dressed all in brown, with a hood standing straight up and coming to a point, pointed

shoes, a close-fitting suit, a silk shirt, and a cape hanging from his shoulders. The cape was richly embroidered in gold. So was the hood. There was a brown feather at the point of the hood. You couldn't tell exactly how long you saw the Brownie, probably not more than two or three minutes. He smiled at you gaily and you smiled back. Then the Brownie said, "*Well, I mustn't let the oyster stew burn on the stove.*"

At that, the Brownie faded away. You followed into the kitchen and saw the spoon stirring the stew but you couldn't see who held the spoon.

The longest time you ever saw the Brownie was when he played a game of checkers with you. You and he were alone in the flat. It was a long, hard-fought, close game. The Brownie beat. Then he laughed and kicked up his heels with glee. That time you must have seen him all of fifteen minutes.

Your father and mother caught a few glimpses of the Brownie, mostly in the early morning or late at night. Once, your mother saw the Brownie in his shirt sleeves, making an apple pie. The Brownie sang and whistled to himself at his work.



Your father was smoking by the open fireplace (There is an open fireplace in your flat). It was about eleven o'clock at night. He heard a rustling and thought that it might be the Brownie but didn't expect to see him. However, the first thing your father knew, the Brownie sat by the open fire, warming his hands. He took a little pipe from his vest pocket and asked your father for tobacco. The Brownie crumbled up the tobacco and put it in his pipe. He picked a live

coal from the fire. As he did so, he cried "Ouch!" but the live coal didn't seem to hurt the Brownie much, for he lit his pipe from it before he threw it back on the fire. Most tobacco smoke is a pale blue color. The smoke from the Brownie's pipe was bright blue and had little glints of red, green, and yellow. Finally, the Brownie said, "*Well, this is very pleasant, but I ought to be scrubbing the kitchen.*"

Your father followed to the kitchen. Things were in some commotion there. The hot water faucet turned and filled the pail. The pail came down from the sink to the floor without spilling any water. The scrubbing-brush dipped into the pail and began to scrub the floor. The Brownie must have been doing these things but your father couldn't see him.

Finally, your mother had a chance to hire a good girl. Your mother thought that the Brownie would like to have somebody to help him with his work. But your mother was mistaken. Brownies are very sensitive. Their feelings are so easily hurt. This Brownie thought that your mother wasn't satisfied with his work. She was entirely satisfied, but she thought that

the work might be too hard for the Brownie all by himself and she really wanted to help him.

Another thing happened that the Brownie didn't like. He used to keep the broom and dustpan standing in the kitchen corner. The new girl hung the broom and dustpan high up in the back entry.

One evening the new girl made herself a cup of tea and used some of the Brownie's cream and filled up his bowl with milk. It was very new milk, and the new girl thought that the Brownie wouldn't know the difference. But he did.

The next morning, only part of the Brownie's bread and cream had been eaten. The rest of it was spilled on the floor. In the empty bowl, were the following rhymes:

Two for housework is too much;
I don't like another's touch.
Thanks for every kindness done;
I must say good-bye and run.

Sure enough, the Brownie was gone. His bowl of bread and cream was left on the kitchen floor for him night after night, but it was found untouched in the

morning, except once. But you knew about that time. It was not the Brownie who ate it up. It was an alley cat that sneaked into the kitchen when the iceman was filling the refrigerator.

The Brownie went away in a huff, but I know that he likes you because he shook hands with you and showed himself to you and played checkers with you, when he lived in the flat. If you go to see him, I don't believe that he will make himself invisible to you. No sir, the first thing you know, when you come near him, he will slide his little hand into yours and then he will let you see his bright eyes, wrinkled face, and brown clothes.

Probably he is sorry by this time that he left your flat. Your mother didn't mean to hurt his feelings. She wants to tell him so. I hope he sees this letter. Of course, we can't hunt the world over to find that Brownie, but we don't have to do that. Our search will be narrowed down to the north of England. I know this because of something the Brownie said to you one Saturday morning.

You remember the time when the dustpan and the

featherduster were flying about your parlor, making it neat for Sunday. You couldn't see anybody dusting, but you knew that it must be the Brownie. So you called out, in hopes of making him talk, "Brownie, where's your home when you are not working out?" Quick as a flash the Brownie said this rhyme:

Since you ask, I'm from Kingland,
Northern part of Merry England.

Now, sir, I've looked up a book about the northern counties of England. The book says that Kingland is a large farm there belonging to King George. The book goes on to tell that the farm isn't much good for raising crops because it is too hilly for plowing, but that the cows which graze there yield rich milk. The cream from the Kingland dairy is sent to King George's palace in London, packed in ice so that it won't turn sour.

Now there you are; it is quite certain that the Brownie lives on that farm. If we go there, I bet you that we shall find him.

Getting to England is easy. Your father and mother

are going there for their summer vacation next year and have promised to take you. They have asked me to go, too. Our whole party will spend two weeks in London, seeing the sights. Then your father and mother intend to tour the English lakes and naturally expect you and me to go with them. We will, but not for long.

We will excuse ourselves and hire an automobile and go motoring to Kingland. We will search Kingland thoroughly, especially the hilly part of it, because Brownies live in hills when they are not working out. Probably we shall find the Brownie on some grassy hillside. Won't that be fun?

Perhaps we can persuade him to go back to New York with us. We will tell him that he can do all the housework himself, if he doesn't wish anybody to help him. If he should ask for any assistance, your mother will promise to hire somebody who won't touch the Brownie's bread and cream. Doesn't that sound like a pretty good plan?

Your affectionate

Uncle Henry

RADIATOR LIONS

GEORGE lives in an apartment and
His mother will not let
Him keep a dog or polliwog
Or rabbit for a pet.

So he has Radiator Lions.
(The parlor is the zoo.)
They love to fight but will not bite
Unless he tells them to.

And days when it is very cold
And he can't go outdoors
They glower and they lower and they
Crouch upon all fours

And roar most awful roarings and
Gurgle loud and mad.
Up their noses water goeses—
That's what makes them bad.

But he loves Radiator Lions!
He's glad, although they're wild,
He hasn't dogs and polliwogs
Like any other child!

DOROTHY ALDIS



From *Everything and Anything*. New York: Minton, Balch & Company.



THE ADVENTURES OF TILLY

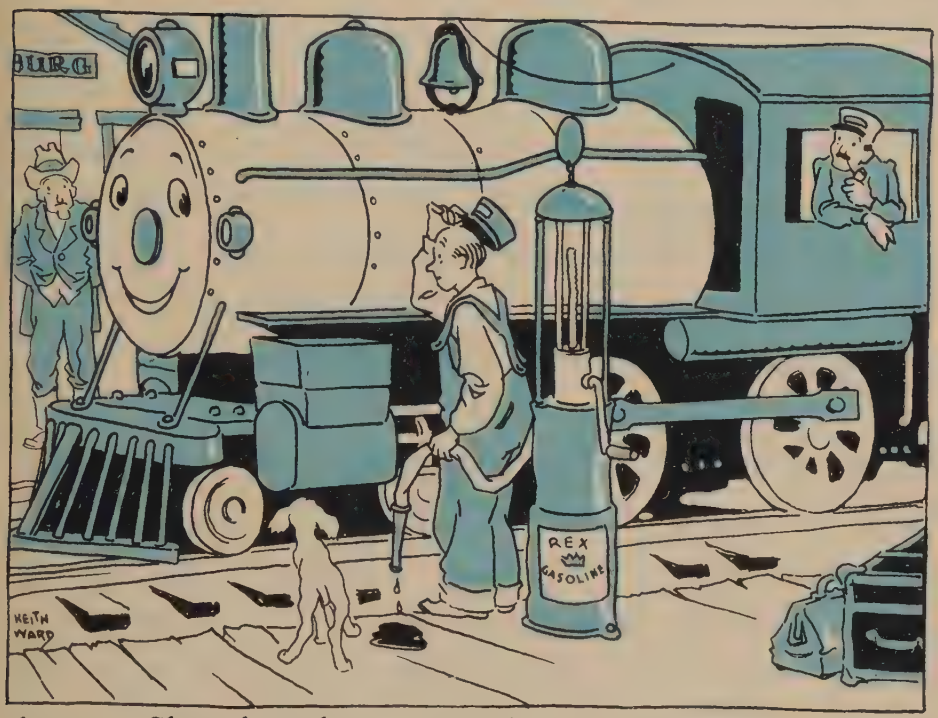


GENEVIEVE K. McCONNELL

TILLY was a good old hard-working railroad train, who used to carry people up and down the tracks every day, and had never done any harm in all her life.

One hot summer day she stopped at a station and whistled for a drink, as trains always do. They cannot say, "Please give me a glass of water," or even "Give me a drink," as some children do; so they just whistle, and the station man understands and turns the big water pipe around for them. This time, however, there was a new man at the station, who had always taken care of automobiles before, and didn't know that trains are different. Automobiles drink gasoline, but trains are not used to such strong drink. Anything stronger than plain water will make a train tickly, and then it is liable to do very queer things. This man did not know any better than to pour about ten gallons of gasoline down poor Tilly's thirsty

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throat. She thought it tasted very nice, but it went to her head, and made her behave very queerly.

She began to run very fast, and the conductor looked at his watch to see if they were late, because he thought the engineer must be making up time. Tilly never had run so fast before, but they were not late, and the conductor could not understand it. Neither could the passengers, and they called to him and said:

"Conductor, why are we going so fast?"

He had to say he didn't know. In a few minutes they called to him again:

"Conductor, why is the train bumping so?"

Tilly had begun to take queer little jumps every now and then. The conductor didn't want to say again that he did not know; so he told them the track needed mending. One cross old woman said she had paid enough for her ticket to mend all the tracks in the state. The conductor, who always tried to be polite to passengers, did not answer. Anyway, Tilly was beginning to take bigger jumps, and it was not easy to talk. Every time the train jumped she let out a loud whistle, and the passengers began to be frightened, and to whisper to each other that something was wrong. The conductor thought so, too, but he didn't say anything.

Tilly was jumping very high and far each time now and running very fast, and the passengers began shouting to the conductor to stop the train and let them get out. So he pulled the strap that goes along the ceiling but Tilly would not stop. She was just like a runaway horse that won't stop, no matter how hard

you pull on the reins. So he said he would go and speak to the engineer, and he started off while the passengers held on to the seats and tried to keep from bumping each other. Babies were crying, ladies were screaming, and men were storming.

The conductor had to crawl along the floor to get to the engine, because the train was jumping so he couldn't stand up. But he got there at last and told the engineer to stop the train. Now this was something the engineer had been trying to do, but couldn't. So when the conductor said, "Stop the train," it made him feel very cross, and he snapped back, "Stop her yourself."

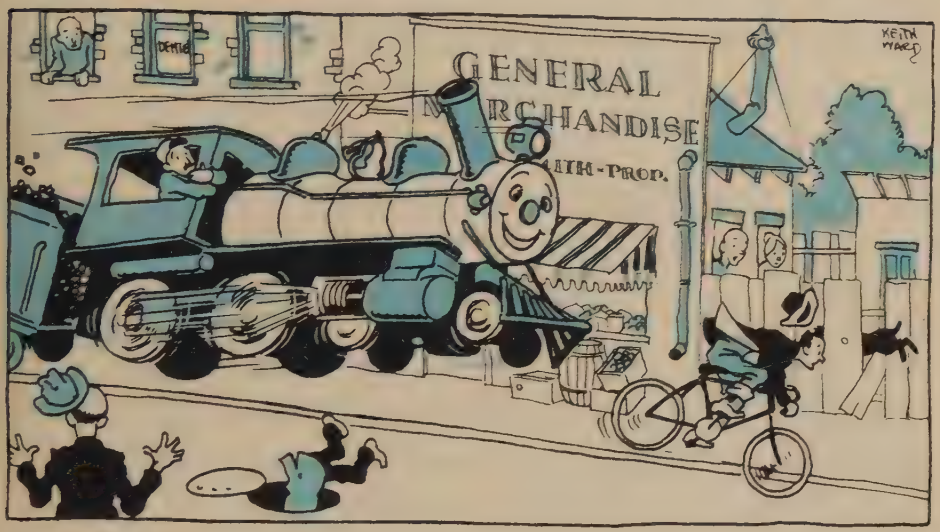
"I can't," said the conductor. "No matter how hard I pull the strap, she won't stop."

Then they both tried, and did everything they could think of to that engine. They pushed all the buttons, and turned all the handles, and pulled all the levers, but nothing did any good. Tilly left the track, and ran across the fields, jumping fences and ditches, haystacks and barns, and now and then coming down, splash, in a pond. And every time she jumped, she



whistled as loud as she could, for she was no longer tame Tilly, the tired train. She was Tickly Tilly, now.

The conductor crawled back again and told the passengers the train would not stop, and they all lay down on the floor and held on to the seats, crying, for they felt sure it was the end of them. By and by Tilly came to a town, and ran right through the streets, jumping and shrieking at the top of her voice. People scattered in every direction, some running into houses or stores, others hiding behind fences or in rain barrels. One man even crawled into the sewer. Tilly went by so fast that nobody was sure just what she



was, and after it was all over they thought it must have been a tornado.

After Tilly left the town, she went crashing through the woods, lashing her tail, and knocking down the trees, or pulling them up by the roots, until at last she came out on the seashore. And then what do you think she did? As soon as she saw the nice cold salt water ahead of her, she made straight for it. Across the sand she went, and into the breakers, where she lay down to let the waves wash over her and cool her head. It was the first time Tilly had had an ocean bath, and she liked it very much.

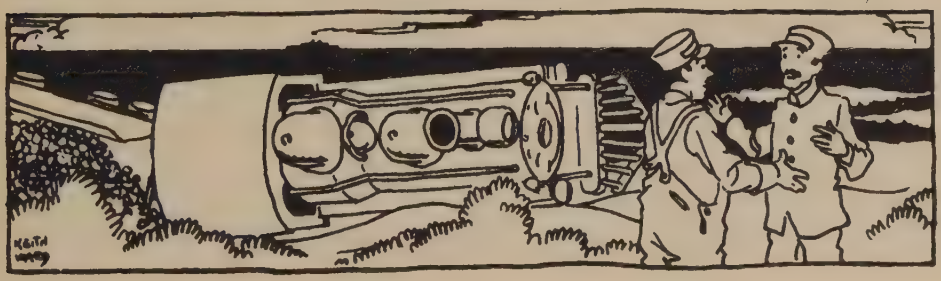
When the water began to come into the cars, the passengers scrambled out through the windows on the upper side, and the conductor and engineer helped them to walk along over the cars. Now and then somebody crashed through a window and had to be pulled out, but at last everybody got ashore. When Tilly felt better she crawled out of the water and went to sleep with her head on a sand dune, snoring frightfully. The conductor and engineer felt it their duty to stay with the train, so they said, "All aboard," but no one else got in. In fact the passengers all hurried away through the path Tilly had made in the woods, back to the town, to tell their sad story to anyone who would listen. But no one would believe them. Everybody in that town had been so quick to run and hide when they heard Tilly coming, that no one had seen her. They called her a tornado, and talked very learnedly about "areas of high pressure" and "partial vacuums" and things of that sort, but no one would admit having seen such a thing as a ticklish train.

They sent their mayor and several other dignified

gentlemen to find out whether the passengers' story was true. And, what do you think? When they got to the beach, there was no sign of Tilly. She had waked up, feeling better, and very much ashamed of herself, and had gone quietly back to her regular work on the railroad track. The conductor and engineer talked it over, and decided it would be best for the reputation of the company not to give out any information. Besides, they thought if they talked about what had happened, they might get a scolding.

But the passengers had a hard time. Of course no one would believe them. So in time they learned to keep the story to themselves, and as the conductor and engineer had such a high regard for the reputation of the company, the story never got out until now.

As for Tilly, she resolved never to touch gasoline again for the rest of her existence.





THE VINE STALK

ONE morning in spring, Jerry and his father took a walk in their garden. The violets and primroses were in full bloom, and many of the trees were already sending out green leaves, while others were bright and gay with white or red blossoms that some day would bring forth the finest fruit.

In one corner of the garden stood a lattice-work, and at its foot grew a vine whose rough and crooked stem spread all over the lattice. There were no leaves on the vine and it was not at all beautiful.

"Papa," cried Jerry, "look at that ugly tree! It looks as if it were staring and making ugly faces at us. Why shouldn't we tear it up, and use it for stove wood?" Without waiting for an answer, Jerry tried to pull up the root but his father stopped him.

"No, son," he said quietly. "Let that vine be."

"But only look, papa, at those beautiful blossoms of

Adapted from *The Children's Friend*. This book, printed at Newbury-Port, Mass., by John MyCall in 1786, was translated from the French of Monsieur Berquin.

the almond and peach trees! Why should not the vine be pretty, too, if it does not want to be pulled up? It spoils the looks of the whole garden to have this ugly vine here."

But his father answered, "Leave it where it is a little while longer and then we will see whether you still want it pulled up."

The day after Jerry had wanted to pull up the vine, his father and mother took him to the seaside and it was late in the summer when they reached home again. As soon as they were settled at home, Jerry went with his father to see how their garden looked. It was a very hot afternoon and after they had walked a little while along the sunny paths, they were glad to find shelter under a thick covering of dark green leaves



which now grew like a bower all over the lattice.

"Oh, how glad I am that you made them take away that nasty old dry wood that was here in the spring, papa, and put these lovely green plants here instead," Jerry said. "Only look at the grapes on these vines! Some are green, some purple, and others are almost black! There is not one single tree in the garden as fine as this, is there? Almost all the rest have lost their fruit, but look how this is covered. And," he added, as he tasted a cluster of the purple grapes, "how cool and good they do taste."

His father's eyes twinkled as he watched Jerry enjoying the fruit, and at last he answered, "Yes, son, these are good grapes, but they are growing from that very same vine, so dry, so brown, so twisted and sprawling, that you wanted to uproot the last time we were in this garden. Do you still want it pulled up?"

Jerry looked surprised and a bit ashamed. "I was in a hurry, wasn't I, papa? You always tell me not to judge by first impressions, and I should have been well punished if you had let me tear up vines that could give us wonderful fruit like this, shouldn't I?"



THE UGLY DUCKLING

Hans Christian Andersen



IT WAS summer in the country. The fields of grain were yellow and green; haystacks dotted the countryside, and the stork wandered about on his long, red legs, talking Egyptian, the language his mother had taught him. Great green forests surrounded field and meadow, and in the forests were deep cool lakes. It was so lovely in the country!

An old farm lay in the sun. All around it were ditches full of water, and on the banks of the ditches grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the tallest of them. It was almost as wild as a deep wood.

Near one of the ditches sat a duck, hatching a nestful of eggs. She had been there a long time and was very tired. The other ducks did not come to see her, so she was lonely as well. At last, when she had begun to wonder if those eggs would ever hatch, she heard "Peep, peep!" and looking down she saw one little duckling popping out of its shell. Then came



another, and another, until all of them were out of their shells and wobbling around uncertainly on their little legs.

"How wide the world is!" said the ducklings, for they had more room than when they were in the eggs.

"Do you think this is all the world?" asked their mother. "Why, the world is much bigger than this. It goes 'way beyond the other side of the garden into the parson's field. Now are you all here?" and she counted them. "No, there is one more to come. Oh, it is the big egg which is still in the nest. Now I've got to wait till that hatches," and, quite disgusted, the mother duck sat down again on the one large egg that remained in the nest.

An old duck waddled up to gossip about the barnyard. "How goes it?" asked the visitor.

"Oh," said the mother duck crossly, "I am so tired. It is taking so long for this egg to hatch. Look at my new ducklings! Are they not pretty?"

"Let me see the egg?" asked the old duck. "Yes," she said, when she had seen the big egg, "I'm sure that's a turkey's egg. I was fooled that way once. Leave it alone, and teach the ducklings how to swim."

"I think I'll wait a few more days," said the mother duck. "I've waited so long now it doesn't matter."



"Just as you please," the old duck replied.

At last there was a "Peep, peep!" and a large, ugly creature crept out of the big egg. The mother duck looked at it in surprise.

"How big you are," she said, "and how very ugly" The ducklings stared at the poor thing. "It is not like us," they peeped scornfully.

The weather was fine and the sun shone the next day, so the mother duck took her ducklings down to the water to swim. Splash! and she jumped into the water with all the ducklings plunging in after her. They swam beautifully, and the ugly gray duckling swam, too.

"It isn't a turkey then," decided the mother duck, "and that is some comfort. He is my child after all. He uses his feet well and is so straight. Come," she called to all of them, "we're going to the poultry yard. Keep near me, and don't get stepped on. Keep your eyes open for the cat."

"How ugly that duckling is," said the other ducks, and one big duck with a rag around his leg flew at the poor thing and bit him in the neck. Even the

chickens laughed at him, and he was miserable and ashamed of his homeliness.

"I think he will grow prettier," the mother duck said to the old duck. "He swims well, and he has a nice disposition. I think he will be strong, too."

But the whole barnyard bit him and abused him, until the poor ugly duckling was unhappy. The turkey cock gobbled at him and the girl who fed the poultry yard hit him with a pan. Badly frightened, the ugly duckling flew over the fence. "I am so ugly," the poor thing thought bitterly, and he shut his eyes and flew farther. Soon he came to the great moor where the wild ducks lived.

"Who are you?" they asked, curiously. "You are very ugly, but you may stay here." The ugly duckling was grateful. Two days afterward some wild geese came and talked to him. He watched the geese as they wheeled and circled in the air. How graceful and pretty they were. *Bang! Bang!* went something and down dropped the geese. A hunter had shot them, and presently a great dog, with its red tongue hanging from its mouth, came by. He stared at the

ugly duckling, but he left it alone and went on. "Thank heaven," sighed the ugly duckling. "Even a dog wouldn't have me. I am so ugly."

As soon as the hunters had gone, the ugly duckling ran over the moor as fast as he could. He did not know where he was going and he did not care. He must get away from that dreadful noise. Presently the ugly duckling stopped for breath. Autumn was coming on and the leaves were turning red and gold. Clouds hung low and the air was chilly. As the duckling watched, a flock of beautiful birds with snow-white feathers and long, graceful necks rose from the bushes.



They were swans, and the duckling watched them with admiration and longing. Oh, to be as beautiful as they! The white birds gave the swan's cry and rose on their dazzling wings and flew far away to warmer lands.

"Oh," thought the poor duckling. "If only I could fly with those birds, to be one of them!"



Soon winter came, with cold winds and driving blasts of snow. The duckling was cold, so cold. The water froze over and froze the duckling with it. One morning a peasant passed by and saw the duckling frozen fast in the ice on the pond. He broke the ice with his wooden shoe and carried the half-frozen bird home. The children tried to play with him but the duckling thought they wanted to hurt him, so he flew wildly into the milk pan and spilled the milk all over the floor.

That made the peasant's wife angry and she struck him with a broom, and the children laughed. The duckling found himself in the snow outside. He lay quite still for a time. Presently he gained strength to creep away under a bush and later flew out on the moor. All winter he lived on reeds and withered grass and managed to keep alive until spring. Then it grew warm again and the birds came back.

Then, one day, to his surprise, the duckling found he could really use his wings. He flew up, up, and then away! It was wonderful. He saw a beautiful garden and soon he was in an apple tree, all pink and white with blossoms and drifting petals. Near by was a lilac bush in full bloom. The duckling thought he had never been in such a lovely place. Looking down on the pond he saw two beautiful white swans sailing on the water. The duckling felt ashamed and afraid.

"I will go to them," he thought. "I am so ugly that they will kill me. I do not want to live any longer. I would rather have them kill me than to be kicked and beaten by people and made fun of by the birds, and suffer from cold in the winter."

He flew to the water and swam toward the birds, his head down humbly, waiting for them to kill him. But as he looked down into the water he saw something that made him gasp. A beautiful swan looked back at him from the water and he saw that it was his own reflection. No longer was he an ugly, awkward, gray bird. He was a swan!

The other swans swam up to him and stroked him with their bills. The children ran out from the house to the garden, and threw the swans bread to eat. "There is a new swan," they cried, as they clapped their hands joyfully, and ran to tell their parents.

"Yes," said the father and mother, "and the new one is the most beautiful of all."

The old swans bowed their long necks before the newcomer, and he felt bashful and hid his head under his wing. He was so happy! Poor thing, he had known such unhappiness, so much bitterness and sorrow, and now to be a beautiful swan that all praised seemed too good to be true. Then he lifted his head.

"I never dreamed there could be so much happiness when I was the despised Ugly Duckling!"



CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep.
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

SABINE BARING-GOULD



HOW THE FIREFLY GOT HIS LIGHT

Filipino Tale

A LONG time ago, in the days when the people thought that lightning was Jove's thunderbolt, the King of the Air lost his ring. Now the King of the Air was proud of that ring and wanted to get it

back again, so he offered a prize to the animal that could find his ring. You can imagine what a hustle and bustle there was in Animal-land, because each animal thought of a prize he could ask for if only he could find the ring.

All the animals began hunting. Only a small Beetle sat still and did not search for the ring. This the King of the Air noticed, so he asked the beetle, "Why do you not hunt for the ring, Little Beetle? Have you no wish you would like granted?"

Then the Beetle answered, "Indeed have I a wish, Your Highness, but there is no need to search for the ring. From where I sit I can see it shining as it hangs on one of the points of your golden crown."

Then the King of the Air took off his golden crown, and there he found the ring hanging from one of the points. The King of the Air was so pleased that he said to the Little Beetle, "Choose your own reward, and it shall be granted you."

"Your Highness," answered the Beetle, "all day my family and I work hard. When night comes we would like to play. But then the sun is gone and it is too

dark in the forest. Let the sun shine all the time upon us."

"That is a wish I cannot grant," the King answered. "The sun too must have his rest. But this I will do for you. I will give to you and to each of your family a tiny lantern that you may carry with you at all times, and when night comes it will light your way."

So the Beetle took the lantern. It is not lighted in the daytime but at night it glows brightly. And therefore ever since that day he has been called Firefly.



FIREFLY

A Song

A LITTLE light is going by,
Is going up to see the sky,
A little light with wings.

I never could have thought of it,
To have a little bug all lit
And made to go on wings.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

From *Under the Tree*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Copyright 1922, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc. New York: The Viking Press.



A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN

I PASSED by a garden, a little Dutch garden,
Where useful and pretty things grew—
Heart's-ease and tomatoes, and pinks and potatoes,
And lilies and onions and rue.

I saw in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
A chubby Dutch man with a spade,
And a rosy Dutch frau with a shoe like a scow,
And a flaxen haired little Dutch maid.

There grew in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
Blue flag flowers lovely and tall,
And early blush roses, and little pink posies,
But Gretchen was fairer than all.

HATTIE D. WHITNEY



THE STORY OF THE HARE AND THE OLD WOMAN

East African Folk Tale

AN OLD woman lived by herself in a neat little hut near a great farm land. She was a good cook when she had any food to put in the pot. Even the animals had heard what a good cook she was.

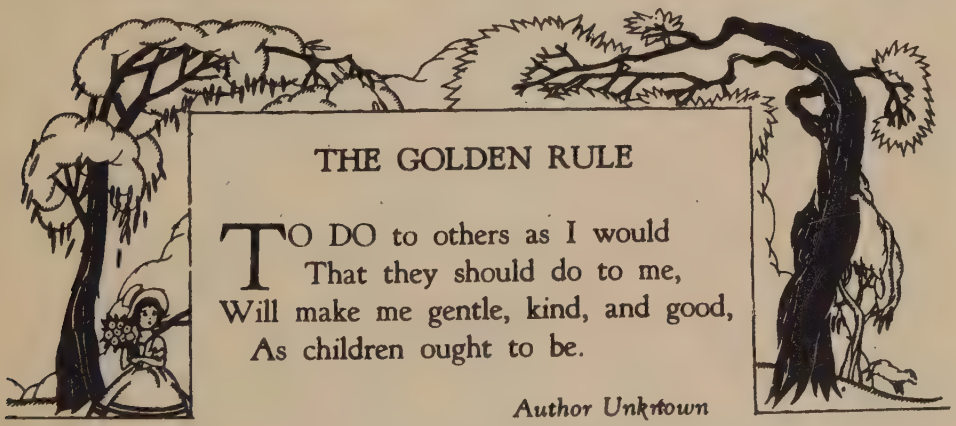
So one day a hare went to her and said, "Since you have no child, I want you to adopt me. You are old, and cannot go to the fields to dig. I will do this work for you if, in return, you will give me my food." The old woman was very glad to accept the hare's proposal, as digging made her very tired. She gave the hare a hoe with which to till the soil and some seed to sow. She herself stayed home and prepared their daily meal.

Early each morning the hare left the old woman's hut and went to a place near to which some people were hoeing a field and making a plantation. But instead of working, he slept all day. In the evening he rubbed a little wet mud on his hoe and returned to the old woman's hut, where he was given his food.

The old woman went once or twice with the hare to look at her plantation, and the hare showed her the plants growing near to where he went every day. When the crops had ripened, he took her to the field, and she commenced to gather some grain. She had gathered only a few handfuls when the owner appeared and asked her what she was doing. "I am

cutting the crops which my child the hare has cultivated," said the old woman. At this the owner laughed and told her that the hare had done no work at all, but had come to the edge of the plantation each morning and had then slept in the sun all day with his hoe beside him.

The poor old woman then saw that the hare had deceived her. She made up her mind that he deserved a whipping when he returned home. But the hare had heard what the owner of the plantation had said and he never dared go back to the house. The man said that if the woman would cook him some cakes, he would let her have a little of the grain for herself. So, after all, she had some food for the dry season.



THE GOLDEN RULE

TO DO to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me gentle, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

Author Unknown



A MILLION LITTLE DIAMONDS

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said:
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

MARY FRANCES BUTTS


CROSS ROAD


BOOK
TRAILS